

4
The Presidency by Default?

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3055

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1924

The Liberal Fails the Jew

by Charles Thomas Hallinan

The German Mark Stands Still

by Alice Hohenemser-Salb

Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve

by Felix Morley

The Mind of the Puritan

by W. W. Fenn

Nicholas Longworth

by William Hard

Gandhi—"Crucify Him!"

by John Haynes Holmes

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Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second-class matter December 12, 1887, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
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E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., New York

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1924

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE PRESIDENT OF A SOUTHERN COLLEGE, evidently bent on creating a newspaper sensation, tells us that "the world has never known the turning loose of such an army of hard-drinking, cigarette-puffing, licentious Amazons as walk our streets and invade our campuses today." As a remedy—he comes from a lynching State—he "would like to wring the necks of some of them." He is certain, too, that the "uneducated girl is apt to be the safest, the sweetest, and the most serene." The headmaster of Lawrenceville School, Dr. M. A. Abbott, has also been heard from, but in a different vein. He addressed a letter to the parents of his 500 boys at the beginning of the recent vacation begging the parents to use their influence to keep the boys from drink during the holidays. It is a touchingly earnest and straightforward appeal which Dr. Abbott makes. He, too, is alarmed at the drinking among young girls, as well as among the boys under his guidance. The responsibility he places upon the parents and the other grown-ups the boys and girls meet in vacation time. It is still, he says, considered smart to violate the liquor laws and to drink freely in defiance of the law. This condition is intolerable. Either there must be a reaction in favor of law enforcement or a repeal of the prohibition amendment. There are signs that it may be the former, among them a most encouraging meeting in the Town Hall in New York in which certain social elements not usually on the side of

the Constitution—except when they deem it menaced by Reds—pledged themselves to stand by prohibition.

SOMETHING IS STIRRING in France. Poincaré has lost his passion; Herriot has regained his courage. Poincaré did not always sit through an attack upon his occupation of the Ruhr without injecting vigorous interruptions. Yet when Edouard Herriot, leader of the so-called Radical Socialists in the Chamber, drew up a profit-and-loss account of the Ruhr, and pointed out that the balance was a red-ink minus sum, Poincaré sat silent. And when Herriot insisted that France could not endure isolation—that she must recognize Soviet Russia and collaborate with England and America, Poincaré nodded affirmation. The drop in the value of the franc almost to four cents has doubtless sent a shudder through the bones of French financiers and of the politicians who stand close to them. The presence in Paris of the American experts co-operating in the Reparation Commission's inquiry into German finances may have given a mild impetus to sanity. The sudden swing of Jugoslavia away from the Little Entente, following the announcement of the new France-Czech alliance, probably helped too. And of course the immminence of the general election forces every politician to look for something new with which to inveigle the voter.

"HELL AND MARIA" DAWES'S opening speech before the Reparation Commission had dashes of his salty American common sense. "Realizing that the house is afire," he said, the American members "propose to find some water to put it out without the further use of mathematics involving the fourth dimension." Another phrase of his should have sunk deep into the minds of his French hearers:

As the world has seen the economic life of Germany ebbing away the credit of all the European Allies has felt a preliminary shock, because the world realizes that if the German people lose their capacity for work Germany loses her capacity to pay those reparations which are so great an element in European solvency.

If those words mean anything they are a condemnation of French policy in the Ruhr. But we recall so many fine speeches by Americans just landing in Europe, who lost their bearings and their vision upon prolonged exposure to the intricacies of European statecraft, that we must wait to see how General Dawes and his associates fare.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, now become a major organ of reaction, demands that the progressive Republicans who voted to defeat Senator Cummins and place a Democrat at the head of the Interstate Commerce Committee be expelled from the Republican Party. Their act, it appears, is treachery not merely to their party but also to the two-party system of government. Indeed, it heads straight to the present situation in England, where a minority Labor Government is taking the reins. For our part we rejoice that a senatorial precedent has been broken. The Senator who happens to be senior in point of service is not necessarily the best chairman. We are delighted, too,

that Senator La Follette, who received an ovation from friends and foes alike on his return after his recent illness, was thus able to show the power that he wields as the head of the so-called "radical bloc." This demonstration probably had something to do with the decision of the regulars that, after all, it might be possible to compromise on the Mellon tax proposals and to meet in some degree the wishes of the progressives. As for the actual results of Senator Smith's election, we doubt if it will much improve the chance for vigorous railroad legislation, although amendment of the Esch-Cummins bill is needed for more reasons than one.

DESPITE our opposition to a soldiers' bonus, we find it hard to stomach some of the propaganda against it. President Harding and Secretary Mellon opposed the bonus in 1921 not on principle but on financial grounds. In a letter to Senator Frelinghuysen Mr. Mellon said the bonus would defeat the Government's plans for retrenchment and would entail additional taxation; he recommended that "action be deferred." Many newspapers, afraid to oppose the bonus on its own account, fell in with that line of reasoning. Now that the government's accounts show a handsome surplus, Mr. Mellon and the section of the press that followed him have forgotten that the bonus was only to be "deferred" and have discovered a united and insistent demand among income-tax payers that their burdens be reduced. Newspapers that defended the recent ship-subsidy bill or the Fordney tariff nevertheless speak righteously of "bonus raiders," and chronicle out of all proportion to its importance the slight opposition to the scheme within the American Legion. In the circumstances, ex-service men may be pardoned for concluding that Mr. Mellon and the press are interested primarily not in them or the small taxpayer but in the reduction of the surtaxes upon the wealthy.

CONFRONTED with these facts many persons of small means are disposed to say: "Oh, give the soldiers their bonus. The big fellows have already had their slice; why not let the poor man have something?" This is about as vicious a principle as can be introduced into government. *The Nation* is not obliged, in order to oppose the bonus, to eat what it said two years ago. It opposed the bonus on principle then, and it is against it for the same reason now. We regard as fallacious both of the arguments most commonly used in behalf of the bonus: that mobilized men suffered serious financial loss through their service; that those who remained at home profited enormously. Our soldiers and sailors were young men, largely from twenty to twenty-five. Few had made places for themselves in industry, and none who had dependents was obliged to go. The Government paid for all their necessities and many luxuries and then gave them a minimum of \$30 a month. How many of them, we wonder, had that much over and above all necessary expenses in the civilian life which they left? The assumption that all stay-at-homes were profiteers is likewise absurd. What little increased income most persons received was more than swallowed up by the spectacular rise in the cost of living.

WHEN WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER died he left an estate of \$67,649,660. Of this, \$43,643,055 was in tax-exempt securities. When Jacob H. Schiff died he left an estate of \$34,426,282. Of this, \$17,594,240 was in tax-exempt securities. In 1916, 1,296 individuals paid taxes

on net incomes above \$300,000; in 1921, despite the extraordinary number of war-made millionaires, only 246—the others had put their money into tax-exempt securities and escaped the high taxation. Here is the howling abuse of the tax situation. Of course Secretary Mellon is right when he says that high income taxes drive money into "tax-exempts"—but the remedy is not to reduce the rates, but to stop the scandal of tax exemption for the millionaires. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. John A. Lapp argues that since exemption of State and municipal bonds from taxation makes it easier to obtain money for schools, roads, and municipally owned enterprises, the exemption should be continued. Public ownership must stand on its own feet; we believe that it can compete with private ownership even without the artificial handicap given it by tax exemption.

WHEN EDWARD P. FARLEY assumed the chairmanship of the Shipping Board he knew that the solution of the government's shipping problem was a commercial and not a political one, and he recommended to President Coolidge as far back as last November that the operation of the government's mercantile fleet be withdrawn from the Shipping Board and placed under one able steamship man with absolute control. In submitting this suggestion he undermined his own position, and when his interim appointment as chairman of the Shipping Board came up for confirmation he was rejected on a mere technicality. He is no longer in office, but he has sown seed on good ground, for the President has communicated to the Shipping Board his desire to have the operation of the government's merchant fleet placed under the Emergency Fleet Corporation with one man at the helm, the board to be retained merely as a regulatory body. Senator Jones left with the Shipping Board a drastic resolution the adoption of which would have accomplished this end, but the Shipping Board members refused to relinquish their powers. They have agreed to hand over to the Emergency Fleet Corporation the actual work of operating ships, but all authority as to formulating policies, making changes in trade routes, and disposing of ships is still vested in the Shipping Board. Sooner or later a real change must come.

MR. HENRY W. DRISCOLL of Washington, D. C., is an attorney-at-law with a heart of gold. Let Mr. Driscoll speak for himself:

Dear Mr. Blank: . . . The Act of June 15, 1917, 40 Stat. 182, 188, . . . provides for pay for enlisted men in training for commission, as follows: "pay at \$100 per month for enlisted men in training for officers of the Reserve Corps." If, as I am informed, you were a candidate for commission . . . you appear entitled for the period of your training for officer to pay at \$100 per month, less the pay of your grade which was received for such period.

If agreeable to you I shall be pleased to prosecute your claim for the difference of pay . . . which I am now able to recover. . . . You will note that the attorney fee is 10 per cent of the amount recovered and is entirely contingent upon success, you to pay me nothing unless recovery is made. . . .

Ten per cent seems little enough to pay for such expert attention. But, as a matter of fact, any ex-service man entitled to it may, at the expense of a two-cent stamp, write the details of his service to the War Department and, after the proper papers have been executed, he will in due time receive his money.

THE ARRIVAL in this country of a commission of ten members from the Porto Rican Legislature, accompanied by the Governor of the island, Horace M. Towner, calls attention to the need of taking action to decide what the ultimate status of this heritage of the Spanish-American War shall be. Unlike the Philippines, there is no considerable demand for independence in Porto Rico, the attempt to work up enthusiasm on that issue a couple of years ago having failed to produce lasting effects. Though it will not ask for independence, the present commission wants a greater measure of home rule, including an elected governor, and it hopes to get some declaration in regard to the eventual form of government in the island—whether it may look for statehood or what. While Porto Ricans are in the United States, the Department of Labor has just dispatched a commission of Negroes to study conditions in the Virgin Islands, where the old economic life has so much collapsed that the natives are close to actual starvation.

NOT CONTENT with the nugget turned up by the Bok prize jury, the Women's Peace Union has invited all unsatisfied contestants in the late competition to submit their plans to the Union for a new consideration by a new jury, "made up of people known to have widely different points of view." No prize is offered except the promise of a careful reading; the committee will select the three most valuable plans and give them as wide publicity as possible. We approve the purpose of the Women's Peace Union as completely as we admire its courage in inviting the deluge that will descend upon it, and we hope it will be able to find suitable persons to serve on the committee of award. This is a duty that cries to be done, for undoubtedly valuable suggestions lie buried in the 22,164 rejected manuscripts.

THE KANSAS MOTION PICTURE BOARD of Censorship should not undertake to censor the conduct of actors or actresses who appear in motion pictures, says Governor J. R. Davis. "It does not appear to me that it would help, or even that we have it in our power," he explains in a letter to a member of the board. This is a note of clear common sense amidst the clamor to suppress all films featuring either of two actresses concerned in a shooting. The public ought to realize that this demand to bar persons from the screen because of their manners or morals is a new philosophy as revolutionary as it is vicious. *The Nation* doubts the wisdom of any kind of censorship, but where it exists its only legitimate judgment is upon the acts and ideas portrayed on the screen; with the acts and ideas of the participants in any other circumstances it has no possible concern. If we begin to rule out works of art as a protest against the lives of artists, we shall not stop until we have burned half of the classics in our libraries, banished some of the world's most precious music, and painted out many of the masterpieces in our picture galleries.

IN THE HILLS OF HAITI little dark-skinned children are still frightened into good behavior by the warning: Smedley Butler will get you if you don't watch out! And in darkest Philadelphia the same slogan is doubtless gaining popularity. For Smedley Butler, Director of Public Safety, dressed in a special uniform designed for a military hero in civil office, is "bumping 'em off" in the city of Quakers

even as he has done in the republics of the Caribbean. First he bumped off the unions long established in the Philadelphia police and fire departments; next he bumped off subordinates whom he suspected of slack behavior, even suspending two men believed to be off duty on their night off—which happened to be an occasion on which he was making rounds himself. Finally he is directing, with the utmost literalness, the bumping off of criminals and other suspicious characters in Philadelphia's tenderloin. In his first address to the police force he urged the freer use of pistols. "I don't believe there is a single bandit notch on a policeman's gun in this city," he said. "Go out and get some." It is probable that in a swashbuckling administration of this sort some negligent and corrupt officers will be eliminated as well as some able and honest ones; and that some crooks will be shot along with the bystanders. But in general we respect the people of Philadelphia enough to believe that marine tactics will succeed there no better than they did in Haiti. We are weary already of the noisy braying of Smedley Butler; but we take pleasure in imagining that down in Haiti there are men and women who rock with mirth when they hear of the things that are happening to Philadelphia.

E DITH ABBOTT'S appointment by the University of Chicago as dean of its Graduate School of Social Service Administration is singularly appropriate. An inheritor of the old abolitionist tradition and personally familiar, through fourteen years' residence in the settlement houses of this country and London, with the problems she seeks to solve, Miss Abbott brings devotion and enthusiasm to her task. Her academic work at the universities of Chicago and London has been enriched by seventeen years' experience as university instructor and as member of social agencies and boards dealing with the immigrant, the Negro, the juvenile, the unemployed, and the woman in industry. Her contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Nation*, and other magazines, by their thorough scholarship, have earned for her the title, first applied to Florence Nightingale, of the "passionate statistician."

G EORGE CRAM COOK, news of whose death in Greece has just reached his friends here, was the founder and director of the Provincetown Theater; a brave enthusiast, whose experimental eagerness helped break new paths for the American theater and drama. He was a playwright and novelist; but, beyond these things, he was extraordinarily a person, exerting an incalculable personal force and influence. That influence is itself not easy to describe, except as a *civilizing* influence, or perhaps a Utopian influence; he made people ashamed of surrender to an ignoble world, he made them try to do the beautiful and impossible things of which they dreamed—and that attempt, which is often enough ridiculous, is the best the world has yet been able to offer in the way of civilization anywhere. It was the Greeks of the Periclean age who went at it most eagerly and naively, perhaps; and in spirit George Cram Cook was a Greek of the Periclean age, strayed somehow out of his place and time into our more timid age; and after bruising himself for a working lifetime against realities which he was too eager to reshape, he strayed back again to what must have seemed his own country. He will be buried, as he wished, at Delphi.

The Presidency by Default?

WHAT greater contrast could there be than that between the state of politics in Great Britain and America? There new forces, new men, animated by a new spirit in government, taking office on behalf of all the people instead of a privileged few; here the doldrums—the ship of state adrift in a political Sargossa Sea. Before us rises the vision of a presidential campaign of unsurpassed dulness, devoid of all semblance of progress and reform, led on either side by men who represent static forces where they do not actually strive for reaction. We are called upon to cheer for lower taxes and, if they are achieved, we shall be asked to hail President Coolidge as the benefactor of America. The rest is to be merely a battle between ins and outs. Upon no principles and no real issues can the two controlling parties divide, for they are alike as two peas and they are subject to control by the same influences. Both worship the god of things as they are; both have no other desire than to keep the business man rich and contented. Millions upon millions of Americans are suffering gross injustice. Where among the regulars in the two parties is there one to be found to admit the fact and to apply himself unceasingly and whole-heartedly to remedying it?

Well, there are, of course, voices to be heard, but for the present they are all but alone in a wilderness of party regularity, political stagnation, and partition of the spoils. There are real progressives, but not even among these is a platform upon which all of them may stand. The compelling power of a single vital or moral issue is lacking. These dissenters are largely the product of economic conditions which might conceivably be remedied within the twelvemonth. If there is any one tie that binds them, it is the plight of the farmer. We have not as yet made more than a beginning toward building here a party of social progress such as is now coming into power in England. That is no overnight achievement; nor is it an electoral fluke. Ramsay MacDonald did not forget the pioneers at his great London meeting: "Ah, if the scores of people who are no longer with us had only been blessed to live until this night how warm would have been their greeting!" The Keir Hardies and many others laid the cornerstones; the Fabian group, the Sidney Webbs, a host of others have built upon the foundations. No similar party can come into being in America, failing one compelling issue, or a great and unselfish leader, until a similar toil of years is fulfilled. We are not yet ready. There are promising groups; there are real signs of political insurrection, but there is little evidence of a getting together for the coming campaign.

So the Presidency, the "greatest office in the world," is today going practically by default. In the Democratic Party no one save Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Underwood is stirring. The nomination may go to the former simply because no other able man cares to seek it. Or it may go to a new and inexperienced man like Senator Copeland of New York, because of his geographical location and the fact that he has aroused no antagonisms. Nowhere is there a man who by the originality of his ideas, by the character and quality of his program, or by the force of his personality compels the party to turn to him as it did to Grover Cleveland in 1884. A foreigner beholding this situation might readily infer that the Presidency was no longer a prize worth having. He would be amazed, indeed, if he

should learn that a party which cast nine million Democratic votes in 1920, the year of its worst defeat, is so destitute of presidential timber that a dozen Senators and bosses some months ago begged a progressive Republican to come over to their fold. "We have searched the party from top to bottom in vain," they said. "If you will come over to us you shall lead."

On the Republican side, the Presidency is obviously drifting steadily into the hands of President Coolidge, merely because of his incumbency of the White House. Merely, and not merely. When presiding officer of the Senate he was personally so unpopular that even a renomination as Vice-President was deemed impossible. Today he is playing the shrewdest kind of politics. His refusal to make speeches delights the business man; his advocacy of lower taxes makes him seem a gift of the gods; his unwillingness to raise unpleasant issues is making him the idol of those who are for things as they are. Only Senator Johnson is challenging his "leadership" and he is not today a serious menace to the President. Nothing in sight can stop the drift to the man who controls the presidential machinery and with it the tremendous and seductive power of political appointments—unless in those States in which there are presidential primaries Mr. Coolidge should run badly. Even this danger may be avoided by eliminating favorite sons, as Senator Watson has just been got out of the road in Indiana, and by not entering the President in primaries where he obviously has little chance of doing well. Thus a man whom no one would have suggested for the presidency six months ago may have it for the seeking. There is no one of great force to combat him; no one looks about for a commanding intellect to lead the Republican Party; no one asks for some man who has shown real statesmanship and power, else there would be much talk of Senator Borah and of Senator La Follette.

A third party? The Socialists are split and negligible; the farmer-labor groups weak. Yet there is and must be a demand for a candidate for whom one could vote without bowing the knee to party bosses, without confessing the merest serfdom to parties destitute of moral issues, moral purpose, and moral fiber. There exists a widespread desire for relief, and there is one man who can make a real beginning. That is Senator La Follette. He has the choice of retiring to his farm and letting the election go hang, or of raising the banner of revolt. Let him become the leader of the farmer-labor uprising in the Northwest and the Coolidge candidacy is jeopardized on the instant. Minnesota wants him, Wisconsin is his, and so are probably North and South Dakota; in Nebraska, Montana, Washington, and even Iowa are hosts that will rise to him. It is a wonderful chance for public service, and the last great one that may come to Senator La Follette, now rapidly approaching three score and ten. He voices the thoughts of multitudes, the masses of righteously discontented. We find it hard to believe that he will sulk in his tent, or even that he will wait until the Republican nomination to take his stand. To his present party he owes nothing; to hundreds of thousands his candidacy, however unlikely to carry the country, will bring hope, courage, a heartening indescribable. These are times when to contest for defeat is the highest duty of the unselfish patriot.

War Mongers

IF President Coolidge is sincere in his promise to carry forward the Harding policies, how can he square our naval missions in South America with the purposes of the Disarmament Conference? What use to join with the great Powers of Europe in reducing naval armament and at the same time allow war mongers to visit the republics to the south of us to agitate for larger flotillas and other means of international destruction? Is the sight of war-ruined Europe so happy a spectacle that the people of the United States want to plunge another continent into the abyss?

We have commented several times on the mischievous effects of our naval mission to Brazil and the jealousy and ill-will that it is stirring up in Argentina. Our naval mission to Peru seems to be straining itself just as hard to get the republics of the West Coast to arm and fly at each other's throats. We are indebted to Dora Mayer de Zulen, a subscriber in Callao, Peru, for an account of how our official representatives have been constituting themselves drummers and touts for the munitions-makers. Rear Admiral Woodward, the head of our naval mission to Peru, chose Navy Day to place a wreath on the monument of Miguel Grau, who commanded the warship *Huáscar* in the Peruvian-Chilean War of 1879. *El Comercio* of Lima reports Admiral Woodward as saying upon this occasion:

Last Tuesday I received a cablegram from the Navy Department of the government of my country, ordering me to celebrate this occasion by putting a wreath of flowers at the foot of the statue of the greatest of Peru's naval heroes, and I, with the greatest pleasure personally as well as in my character of head of the North American naval mission, render this small but sincere homage to the immortal memory of Rear Admiral Miguel Grau.

On this occasion let us take from the pages of history some of the bitter lessons which may be learned from the sad facts of 1879, when Peru—owing to its lack of preparedness for events—was obliged by its enemy to accept its peace conditions, simply because the Peruvian budget had provided but a small navy, incapable, therefore, of rivaling that of the enemy.

The power of a nation and its naval power go parallel; a weak navy is but a preparation for defeat, for a defeat which means humiliation and disaster. National weakness has caused more wars than national strength.

The efficiency of the navy and the army must not be thought of only when war is at the door. Years are needed to make these services ready for the call of the nation, and it is the statesman's duty to uphold preparedness to the extent of his possibilities and in a degree and in a way adapted to support the country's policy, for it is the statesman's exclusive responsibility to know how far the national interests require to be protected, and only he, and nobody else, is concerned with watching the growth of a military power adequate to probable emergencies. The navy is in the first instance the instrument of the statesman and secondly the weapon of the warrior.

The loss of battles, either by sea or by land, may have happened in the debates of Parliament, or in the councils of government, or in the private offices of the navy and army departments, long before the battlefield.

Admiral Woodward detailed the peculiar lines of defense which topographical conditions obliged Peru to follow and then concluded:

With its present naval forces Peru has no dominion over the sea. The Peruvian Congress must sooner or later

provide an adequate navy. Otherwise Peru will remain an artificial paradise exposed to unexpected panics, and what is worse, to a war at an inconvenient hour and to inevitable defeat. History is replete with examples of defeats in war owing to unpreparedness. Let us hope Peru will not add another chapter to the rest, which future generations would read with tears in their eyes. On the contrary, may Peru, while there is yet time, apply the lessons acquired at the naval battle of Angamos and write a new page for history on which will be inscribed in imperishable characters, for the observance of future generations, these words: *Prepare to the utmost for the execution of your national policy, for the defense of your country, and for the honor of your flag.*

It seems almost incredible that we should not merely allow, but apparently instruct, a naval officer to utter bumptious and war-breeding advice of this sort in Peru when at the same time President Coolidge is trying to adjust the historic quarrel over Tacna and Arica. This offering peace with the right hand and war with the left must produce an odd and far from favorable impression in South America.

The predecessor of Admiral Woodward at the head of the naval mission in Peru visited Bolivia, and there he exhibited an imposing film showing the splendors of our navy to a people which through defeat in a needless war was deprived of its coastland, and is continually seeking an outlet to the sea, at the cost either of Chile or of Peru.

If President Coolidge has any regard whatever for the peace policies of Mr. Harding, he will call those strutting bantams home and put them to work.

The Palatinate

A MAN named Heintz, who called himself President of the Free Republic of the Palatinate, and five of his associates were cold-bloodedly shot and killed while drinking wine in the leading hotel of Speyer on the evening of January 9. Their assassins, presumably anti-Separatist Germans, escaped. It was murder, and it will be well if a thoroughgoing investigation of the murders can be made. But it will be impossible to understand these murders without understanding the whole murderous history of the so-called Free Republic of the Palatinate.

That "Free Republic" was described by the *Manchester Guardian* ten days before the assassinations as "the most shameful chapter in the whole history of France's post-war dealings with Germany." "It would be hard," the *Guardian* added, "to find a parallel in the treatment of one civilized Power by another in time of peace." France has set up and maintained in that neglected province a government of thieves and blackguards, and until a few hot-headed young men called attention to it by putting six other men to death nobody in the outside world paid any attention to the crime.

We do not know the record of Herr Heintz, but the records of many of his comrades who have been set up as ministers and officials by the French soldiers who support the Separatists have been published in the German press. We have never seen them contradicted. The gentleman put in charge of the postal, telegraph, and telephone lines in the Palatinate under the Separatist regime, for instance, had served two terms in prison, once for attempting to cash a forged money-order, and once for stealing sausages. The Palatinate was not burdened with quite as fine a lot of cut-

throats and miscellaneous villains as was Bonn during its brief Separatist regime, but it had a hard enough time. Bonn's churches were put in charge of a bordell-keeper with 22 convictions behind him; its "commissioner of public safety" was a shoemaker who had served four terms in prison, once for manslaughter; a dozen more Separatist officials had jail records, and one champion held a record of 23 times convicted.

Such are the men who lead the Separatist movement which M. Poincaré would have us believe a spontaneous uprising of an oppressed people. *The Nation* has, in its issues of November 28 and December 19, printed some of the documents which reveal the inspiration and aid which the French have given this Separatist movement from the first. It has been theirs from the beginning, so much so that the Paris papers actually printed an account of the Separatist seizure of Schifferstadt three days before it occurred—reporting the prepared schedule rather than events as they occurred. Nor were the six men killed at Speyer the first to fall victims to the adventure. In a dozen towns men lost their lives when the Separatists entered. Had the natives of the Palatinate been permitted to fight, there might have been a few more deaths but there would be no Separatists in the Palatinate today. The armed aid of the French put them in power and maintains them there today. The story of Neustadt is typical: French Moroccans occupied the town hall at 3 A. M. on November 5; later in the morning they proclaimed a state of siege and forbade the people to circulate in the streets between 6 P. M. and 7 A. M.; the next morning at 5 the Separatist troops arrived in French army trains, and the Moroccans turned over the town hall and the town to them.

The first act of the new "free government" was to establish a censorship. Newspapers were forbidden to appear unless their editors recognized the authority of the new regime, and submitted their matter to a preliminary censorship. Mayors were ordered, pistol in hand, to sign statements of loyalty to the new government, and some who did not have disappeared, the French and the Separatists only know where. Protests to the interallied officials were of course unavailing. Every federal and Bavarian official has been removed from office. It is a stark reign of terror.

That is the background of the murders at Speyer. It is a story of cynical brutality which ten years ago would have aroused the horror of the world. We have become calloused. These things are hardly news in Europe today. Our newspapers have been so drugged with propaganda that they have not bothered to learn and report the facts, and America learns of this sickening story only when men turn, like the old Russian nihilists, to murder and assassination as the only method of advertising their wrongs.

If things go as they have been going the French will utilize these assassinations as an excuse for further brutalities, camouflaged as "sanctions." The Interallied Rhineland High Commission has already, with the British representative honorably dissenting, registered decrees of the Separatist Government in a manner which constitutes virtual recognition. The French now propose that this same biased body should investigate the killings. Investigation is well enough, but it must be an open, searching, honest investigation. An investigation which sought only to discover the immediate authors of the crime without searching into the motives which led them to it would be worse than nothing.

Legalizing Fraud

THE decision of the Federal Court in the Chemical Foundation suit is amazing. The sale by the Alien Property Custodian of 5,700 patents, worth, it is estimated, about \$40,000,000, for about \$275,000, or \$50 each, was on its face fraudulent. It constitutes in fact if not in law as clear an example of appropriation of private property as recent American history records. These patents were seized in one great lump by the outgoing Alien Property Custodian, Mr. Garvan, and his advisory committee, and under the "authority" of Mr. Polk, acting as delegate of President Wilson, were sold by and to Mr. Garvan and his advisory committee, now called the Chemical Foundation, for the paltry sum above mentioned, which the court had to admit was confiscatory. Sellers and buyers are identical persons.

The government moved to set aside the "sale" on the grounds that a trustee cannot sell to himself, and that the consideration was inadequate. Why the fraud charge was dropped is hard to say—the law is more strict in its definitions than the layman, and perhaps the able counsel of the government, Colonel Anderson, felt it unnecessary to press it to upset the "sale." The court in its decision defends the "sale," on the ground that the custodian as an "owner" could dispose of the property for any sum he saw fit, and that the President's acts cannot be judicially reviewed. That it amounted to a confiscation of private property, in violation of American tradition, treaty obligation, express promise, and, we believe, law, seemed to bother the judge little. Doubtless Judge Morris believes himself an arch-defender of the institution of private property; doubtless he would be shocked if in some midnight meditation it should dawn on him that by maintaining this confiscation of private property he was more effectively combating that institution in the United States than are all the Communists in Moscow.

This seizure and "sale," it must not be forgotten, was undertaken in 1919 and 1920, *after* the armistice, when all hostilities *were* to have ceased; it was a case of sheer spoliation, to benefit powerful private interests. By practically giving this property away to private chemical interests in the United States, the perpetrators of the deal were despoiling the United States as well as the owners, for the United States had an interest in obtaining an adequate consideration for the sequestered property, since it could have been used, under our treaty, to pay obligations of the German Government to the United States. The real owners of the property can, if ever, recover only from Germany, to which the *New York Times* unctuously relegates them, the tiny sum with which Germany is credited. They cannot get back the real value, \$40,000,000.

The United States, therefore, as well as the true owners, have been despoiled. All this is done in the name of patriotism. It was done under the administration and alleged direct authority of the great leader who announced that we would "conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for." Is it any wonder, when high officials of the government are willing to sell out the national honor in this fashion, that younger men of this generation are beginning to lose faith in political government?

The Liberal and the Jew

By CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN

FOR more than a century, now, there has been a tacit liaison between the liberal and the Jew. The liberal has said, in substance, to the Jew in Western Europe: "We will break down the walls of the Ghetto for you, we will emancipate you, we will give you a vote and make you, as an individual, part of the modern state; and in return for this, you with your strong passion for social justice will support our party and our point of view through thick and thin." This agreement the Jew has kept with extraordinary fidelity. In England, in France, and in Germany he has been for a hundred years the solid core of the liberal, the radical, and the national liberal parties—to say nothing of the various socialist parties as they have emerged. Even Disraeli, though Tory in politics and a professed Christian, never really went back on this tacit agreement, as his extension of the franchise in England and his stout protests against Victorian industrialism bear witness. No, a survey of the political and social history of the nineteenth century shows that the Jew has kept his side of the agreement with remarkable fidelity.

But let us be honest with ourselves. Throughout the century the liberal has tended more and more to evade his pledge. With a quite unconscious arrogance the friendly non-Jew has tended to demand more and more from the Jew, as though the bargain could never be complete. He has said to the Jew: "Now that you are free from the restrictions and the terrorism of the Ghetto, you must put aside as rapidly as you can your queer Ghetto ways, your absurd and inconvenient taboos, your un-Western legalistic religion. You must give up your Sabbath—even though it be with a wrench—and accept our Sunday as your day of rest. If you can manage it, you'd better 'reform' your synagogue even though it is the most ancient of all living institutions; or better still, perhaps you can manage to forsake the synagogue and drift into one of the numerous minor groups in which we peculiarly abound, like Christian Science or the Ethical Culture movement. In short, my dear Jew, progress consists wholly in *your* adaptation to us and not at all in *our* adaptation to you."

Isn't this, broadly speaking, a fairly accurate picture? Don't we all assume that the Jew as Jew is an historical anomaly, his religion an absurd tribal affair, his great racial inheritance a mere matter of hooked noses? And don't we demand of him that he shall be as like us as he can, sharing *our* patriotism, *our* view of the state, *our* moral standards, *our* neo-Christian values? And when he does his best—almost too cheerfully—to rid himself of his remarkable past and to "assimilate" himself to us, what does he find? As several contributors to *The Nation* have pointed out, the thoroughly assimilated, Westernized Jew finds chiefly fresh points of conflict, fresh anti-Semitic absurdities. True, nobody in Dearborn, Michigan, charges him with practicing the "blood ritual"—the sacrifice of a Christian child on his altar—but they have twenty silly myths to take the place of that old exploded superstition. And when the Jew, indignant, bewildered, hurt, turns to us—his "liberal" friends—what does he find, commonly? Embarrassment, diffidence, excuses, or a repetition of our

belief that the "Jew is a Jew in the synagogue but an American everywhere else." Having got him into the position where he has compromised his Jewishness in every way he can, we leave him, practically speaking, in the lurch.

It is a profoundly immoral situation and we "liberals"—save the mark!—we friendly non-Jews, are chiefly to blame. The Jew *qua* Jew had a magnificent case; and it is we (and not the anti-Semites) who have buried it. We persuaded him that "assimilation" was the solution of his long conflict with the Christian nations; and we were wrong. What we should have done was to have fought for a place for him, in Western society unassimilated; we should have said (what is only the truth) that the pattern of modern life would be richer because of the Jew, and that his right to be Jewish and colorful and different was just as sacred a right as any other. We would have been true liberals, then, instead of pseudo-liberals. And even then we should have been doing nothing very remarkable—the Turkish Empire achieved as much hundreds of years ago!

In Europe the young Jewish intellectuals are very fond of making a distinction between anti-Judaism and anti-Semitism. The former they describe as the basis of the persecutions in the Early Church and the Middle Ages; the latter is the modern phenomenon. I confess I was vaguely impressed with this when I first ran across it, but my efforts to make it mean something proved fruitless. I was all the more interested, therefore, to notice that Mr. Horace M. Kallen in his article on *The Roots of Anti-Semitism* in *The Nation* for February 23, 1923, boldly sweeps aside this distinction without a difference and says frankly that the twain are one, that the responsibility for anti-Semitism lies "in the Christian religion itself, in the status which Christianity assigns the Jews, and the burden it sets and binds upon them." That is plain speaking and I honor him for it. "In the Christian system, the Jews are assigned a central and dramatic status. They are the villains of the Drama of Salvation. The gospel in which they so figure . . . became a part of the cultural inheritance of all the races of Europe, imparted equally to peer and to peasant. . . . Anti-Semitism is an organic part of it." At last, men and brethren, we are on the right track!

At bottom anti-Semitism is a religious problem, the beginnings of which can be traced in the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic churches. Martin Luther came along and decided to solve it by the simple expedient of converting the Jews. When the Jews refused to be converted and even dared to criticize Luther's translations from the Hebrew, the reformer was furious. "The Jews with their exegesis are like swine that break into the Scripture," he wrote. "They are quite at liberty to prefer, as indeed they do, the law of Moses to the Papal Decretals and their mad articles, but they have no right to prefer it to the pure Evangel. Sooner than this let us have a struggle to the death!" The struggle ensued and left its mark on Protestant Germany to this very day through the influence of Luther's "Von den Jüden und iren Lügen" (1542) and his "Vom Schem Hamphoras" (1543). And so the tide, stayed for a moment, swept on through Protestantism, flaring up

in America with the arrival of "fundamentalism." We liberals, determined to see in the contemporary Jew nothing but a voter, are today totally unprepared.

It is no answer to say that the Jew began it. One may cheerfully admit that he began it. He began it by being thoroughly indifferent to Christ and thoroughly contemptuous of the Apostolic Church. There, especially in the Early Church, is where the friction started. But Renan (who was not especially friendly to the Jews) is fair-minded enough to say that one could hardly blame the orthodox Hebrews of Jerusalem, learned in the Talmud, for being critical of the Hellenized Jews who flocked around the twelve Apostles and became, to an overwhelming extent, the early Christian church. The Hellenized Jew, says Renan, knew little or no Hebrew and not any too much law; he was ignorant, and distinctly credulous. The "Satires" of Horace show clearly how the Roman world poked fun at the Hellenized Jew; he was—Renan makes you feel—the Babbitt of the Mediterranean basin, the born "joiner" of new movements, the hasty snatcher-up of the latest ideas. Of the first seven Deacons of the Early Church, six we know were Hellenized Jews. Perhaps they were not of this type, but to the sober Hebrew conservatives of Jerusalem who took their religion seriously because they had suffered for it, to those proud Talmudic-trained Jews, the Hellenists must have seemed exasperatingly superficial, cheerfully willing to jeopardize for the latest sensation all that had been so painfully won.

And thus, as we know, began the long pull-and-haul between the two forces—the Hebrew Rabbis and Sopherim sternly protecting the synagogues from the new "heresy" and the energetic "heretics," the go-getters of their day, traveling incessantly and working their way into the Mediterranean world. The Rabbis won and—except for the fringe of Hellenized Jews—kept their people in the ancient faith and the ancient ways. And today the New England summer hotels score a magnificent revenge by barring their long front porches and their rocking chairs to Jews! It must be, altogether, one of the longest single streams of mischief in the world!

But of course many Christians are getting bravely over it. Indeed, we have gone a long ways when a Christian scholar like Professor R. Travers Herford of Manchester College, Oxford, can stand up sturdily for the Pharisee—that most maligned of New Testament figures—as he does in that remarkable little book of his entitled "Pharisaism."* Professor Herford has some forty years of Hebrew research behind him—research that has forced him to revise for himself practically all the prevailing Christian notions of the Pharisee. In this book he sets down without prejudice the case for Judaism as it appeared to the Jew during the first century. He does not wholly accept the case, but he states it fairly, and you discover with surprise that it is a perfectly decent, dignified, human, and arguable case; and your anti-Semitism, if you have any, simply peters out. Something of this sort, surely, is the line of attack we should have taken—we liberals—fifty or even a hundred years ago. The right of a Jew to remain a Jew—that's where we should have nailed our Christian colors to the mast!

As for the Jewish literature on the subject, I am strongly tempted to press upon readers of *The Nation* those fine "Selected Essays of Ahad Ha-'Am," translated by

Leon Simon and published by the Jewish Publication Society of America in 1912. These essays, which have appeared in various Hebrew journals throughout Europe, form a restatement of the case by a Jewish thinker who has deliberately turned his back upon the "assimilation" remedy and proposes to explore the possibilities of a sort of Jewish "back to the Jew" movement. These essays say, in substance: We can make our best contribution to the modern world by being Jews, developing our national consciousness instead of suppressing it. And he proceeds to attack, one by one, the various problems posed by that position.

Broadly speaking, these two men suggest for us liberals the way out of our dilemma. We must realize that anti-Semitism has a religious content and boldly grapple with it; where conventional church history has done less than justice to the Jew, justice must be done. The Jew's unaggressive religion is his business, not ours, but anti-Judaism is our business. It is our business to see that religious bigotry is stamped out and that great democratic masses are educated out of errors as old as Christendom. If we make room for Judaism among the religions of the modern world, we shall discover—overnight, as it were—that we have fulfilled our pledge and made room for the Jew. And then we'll suddenly realize with a shock that he is not a pushing person with a hooked nose but a fine, serious, sensitive fellow with a rich and interesting tradition, a strong passion for justice, and a stubborn history of which any Irishman, if I may say so, would be proud!

The Mark Stands Still

By ALICE HOHENEMSER-SALB

Berlin, December 15

GERMANY is at the present moment like a patient with a fatal disease who has received a strong dose of morphia; reveling in a comparative freedom from pain, he once more can realize what it means to be healthy.

Some weeks ago things seemed absolutely desperate, and it is still true that 50 per cent of all wage-earners are either out of employment or working short time; many are under notice to leave in a week or two and others have been warned that in March further dismissals may follow.

The economic conditions and the home and foreign policies which cause them are unaltered. But a new atmosphere has been created by bringing the mark to a standstill. Some anonymous officials (our government changes too often for us to have time to learn their names) decreed that a billion paper marks should constitute a gold mark, and four marks and twenty pfennigs a dollar. We have had similar decrees before; the new feature is that it really came about and has been maintained for some weeks. Not only is the mark in Germany obedient but even abroad the bank rate after a few convulsive swings of the pendulum seems inclined to recognize home authority. Indeed, the poor despised paper mark is at a premium.

The reason of this is that the days of the paper mark are numbered; it is not to be printed any more, although it is to serve as currency to the last. That of course enhances its value. In the meantime the new valorized rent mark which is to succeed it is gradually trickling down to the general public through the channels of the state and town officials who are paid in this currency. We also have valorized emergency marks issued by various communities

* Published in New York by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and in London by Williams & Norgate, 1912.

which are to disappear as soon as the rent mark has permeated the whole system. But where is the government going to get the money to pay doles to half the wage-earning population without the conveniences of the paper mill? Only a steady, reliable flow of very high taxes can accomplish this, and if nobody is earning anything the chief source of taxes is stopped up.

However, the effect on daily life is at present magic. Spending money is no longer a gamble. We miss the thrills of capturing an article five minutes before it goes up in price. We no longer rush about all day to find out what the dollar is at; time enough to glance at the evening paper to assure ourselves that, of course, nothing has changed. No need to stand in front of the gas or electric works for hours to pay our bills in advance so as to avoid post-payments through depreciation. Neither are we obliged to line up at the post office every time we are forced to write a letter; we are able to buy a dozen stamps at a time, for they have gold value and can be used next week with as much right as today. You let your money lie quietly in your purse until you choose to spend it without any fear of its burning a hole there. Indeed it may even be to your advantage to wait a little; for since there is no fear of depreciation the shops cannot demand the so-called risk premium. There are price-tickets in the windows again; not those alarming rows of naughts, but neat little gold marks and pfennigs. That alone is soothing. You are much more willing to pay a few pfennigs for your safety shaving blade than if they call it so many milliards. But apart from the name you can buy a pound of meat today for one mark instead of five, fish for fifty pfennigs instead of three marks. It is inspiriting to see a coat marked up sixty marks instead of fifty dollars, albeit the one sum may be as little forthcoming as the other. The shops don't bully you into paying foreign money or even valorized marks, but spy into your purse for any stray billions.

You also feel yourself once more an important unit in the economical system when the shopkeepers plaster their windows with injunctions to eat fish—nourishing and cheap—or call your attention to the fact that sugar is cheaper, instead of leaving you standing like paupers outside their closed shutters. You cannot remember your grocer smiling at you in that familiar way since 1914!

All this does not mean that people are buying freely; money is very scarce and there is the hope that prices may yield even more. It is of course tempting when the peasant who assured you his potato crop was a failure and his hens had all been poisoned brings his wares to your door, and a pork chop with the cabbage on Sunday is morally uplifting.

To be sure there are new scares on the horizon. For instance, house rent has taken a leap and is to reach pre-war rates in a month or two. How it is going to do this with wages systematically decreasing and when most people have only just enough to buy second-rate foodstuffs it is difficult to understand. But on the whole the tension has slackened. Human nature is wonderfully elastic, and so one talks hopefully of the coming American food loan and of the promising results of the English elections. Many prophesy that we have at last reached the bottom of the hill and that 1924 will bring the long-wished-for ascent.

Unless, however, the patient can undergo a more radical treatment which will not only soften the effects but remove the cause of the disease, it is to be feared that the last state of the man will be worse than the first.

Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve

By FELIX MORLEY

Baltimore, December 13

IT was a link with the past of America, as well as with that of Greece and Rome, which was snapped when Dr. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve died in Baltimore last week. Those who attended the funeral services held here on Saturday speak of the relative absence of youth among the many who gathered to pay their final tribute. They were elderly people for the most part, those mourners who stepped from the church to group together and exchange a few quiet words of reminiscence in the pale January sunlight. And that was not quite as it should have been, for if ever man of 92 carried the spirit of youth unquenched it was Professor Gildersleeve.

That one human mind should have spanned the gap, and kept its keen alertness intact, between the present and the days when Edgar Allan Poe was living in Richmond seems incredible. Yet such was the achievement of Dr. Gildersleeve, probably the last man to have known Poe personally. In the pleasant atmosphere of the Virginia capital during the late forties the stripling classicist was drawn, logically enough, to the poet's circle by the fact that both were contributors to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. After the passage of three-quarters of a century he would still recall for his friends the famous account of the writing of "The Raven" as he heard Poe give it in old Richmond a dozen years before the outbreak of the Civil War.

In that interim were planted the seeds of mental growth which death alone could check. From Princeton, where he took his A.B. degree the very year of Poe's death, young Gildersleeve crossed to Germany, receiving at the feet of "a quiet old Privy Councillor" — August Boeckh — the inspiration which made "a passionate classicist out of an amateurish student of literature." It might have been from that great master of Hellenic studies that he discovered the secret of "growing old, but learning all the while," as Boeckh said of himself when past fourscore. A few years ago he wrote to an old friend that he was considering changing his motto to the words of Oedipus: "Now, knowing nothing, I've arrived where I've arrived."

The cynicism of his later life, ever genial even when most biting, stood Dr. Gildersleeve in good stead in the days when the world went mad. His own experiences in Germany during the years which followed the collapse of the Frankfort Assembly taught him to distinguish between a people and a system. In a lifetime which saw the German Empire created, rise to triumph, and then crash to ruin, he kept his faith in the virtues of the people whom he knew.

From a Germany not yet federalized Dr. Gildersleeve returned to that part of the United States which was shortly to endeavor to break down federalization. Five years after he assumed the chair of Greek at the University of Virginia the Civil War broke out. A life-long believer in State's rights, a life-long opponent of coercion, the young professor joined the army of the Confederacy, receiving in the Shenandoah Valley campaign a wound which left him lame until the end. Soldiering was not quite the stultifying affair in those days that it has become since the advent of mechanized warfare. During the winter, when fighting slackened, the scholar was furloughed

back to the university. And there at his desk Dr. Gildersleeve exemplified the creed of the Old South of which he has written so charmingly by filling the intervals between campaigns with the instruction of Southern youths in classic lore.

Among the stately buildings of the University of Virginia, close to where his grave now lies, Dr. Gildersleeve remained for a decade after the Civil War. It was here that he developed his twofold talent of a teacher able to bring the flavor of Attic life to the dullest of moderns, and of a classical grammarian whose technical work has won him world-wide fame. The tribute on which all his students of these days lay stress is Dr. Gildersleeve's rare ability to stimulate the more mediocre undergraduates without restricting his own native talent for original research. He was a great teacher as well as a great scholar.

Yet it must have been a relief when President Gilman chose him as the first professor to be appointed at Johns Hopkins when it opened in 1876. Here, under the old traditions of Hopkins as an institution primarily destined for research, Dr. Gildersleeve was freed from those details of instructorship which stifle the fire and crush the originality of most of our academicians. Despite his talent as a teacher those dullards which democracy sends up for a veneer of education were always a source of vexation to Professor Gildersleeve at Virginia. One of his "old boys" there has compared his classroom struggles with this type to "Socrates set to trundling a baby carriage." His own view of the scholar-teacher's problem he set out in the lectures republished as "Hellas and Hesperia," when he wrote of the Greek grammarian Diotimus:

Diotimus, poor grammarian!
If my heart hath pitied e'er a one,
It is he,
Who, an almost centenarian,
Perched upon a "peak in Darien,"
Teaches little Jack and Mary Ann
A B C.

At Johns Hopkins the theory that those universities which set their great men free will reap a rich reward was amply justified by Professor Gildersleeve. It was here that his "Historical Syntax of Classical Greek," that famous grammar based not on tradition but on the most painstaking examination of all that is extant of Greek literature, was begun and prosecuted. It was here that he founded and edited the *American Journal of Philology*, with its scintillating medley of editorial comment known as *Brief Mention*. It was here that he collected his "Essays and Studies" and brought out his books on "Justin Martyr" and the "Odes of Pindar." Here he trained his graduate students to an appreciation of the classics as a living, vital force which, in the hands of those who have known his inspiration, has done and may still do much to stem the tide of reaction against spiritual assets brought by a material age.

Although he was a nature far more rare in this country than in Europe, his influence has been a powerful solvent of native provincialism. In spite of what he called the "national reproach" that "we do not distinguish bigness from greatness," Dr. Gildersleeve saw in this country which he loved whole-heartedly a spirit still embryonic, yet akin to that which made "the glory that was Greece." But whether that spirit is growing or dwindling with the passing years is not yet certain.

The Puritan Providence

By W. W. FENN

THE prime characteristic of Puritan religion was a habit of seeing in all arresting occurrences, and theoretically in all events whatsoever, an operation of the will of God. To contemporary Arminianizing churchmen this seemed silly, not to say grotesque, and even positively irreverent. Was it not the height of folly and conceit to suppose that the high and mighty God interested himself in the paltry details of individual lives? Was it not a degradation to represent Him as busied with trifling concerns? Religion was appropriate to the church with its dignified ceremonies of stately and ornate worship conducted by properly constituted officials, and the churchman would have said to the God of the Puritan, in Emerson's phrase: Have done with this touching and clawing. So the religious attitude of the Puritan aroused ridicule and scorn among his more conventionally, but often not less truly, religious contemporaries.

The scorn was intensified by the excesses to which the Puritan went in the application of his principle. In 1665 John Spencer, B.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, published a noteworthy book entitled "A Discourse Concerning Prodigies" in which with copious erudition and exceptional good sense he set forth "the vanity of presages." Between the lines of the book one reads the ways of Spencer's contemporaries, and becomes aware of the extent to which all remarkable happenings, comets, earthquakes, eclipses, and the like were regarded as omens of national disaster. In an accompanying sermon the author reveals also the prevalent habit of considering minor occurrences of unusual character, dreams, etc., as portents of individual calamity. "Surely the Lord will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets"—reveals it often by signs which all men see but which His prophets alone can interpret.

Belief in signs and omens is ancient and widespread, forming an important part of what we describe as early superstition. The Puritan, however, intensified the early feeling, making it more thoughtful and authoritative. There were those who defended portents by natural explanations. Take, for example, the following paragraph from John Spencer:

Comets are not to be owned the effective signs of any evils ensuing; for thus it is vulgarly concluded they are: and upon this presumption, that they are a kind of hot and sulphurous exhalations set on fire, which (as it were the feaver of Nature) prey upon the *humidum*, the moisture of it, and so suddenly dry and exhaust it: whence ensue great droughts, dearths, famines, pestilences: And by intending the heat of the air, they are thought to incline to Feavers, to promote cholera in Princes and Nations, and so to lay that fuel in men which will soon break forth into the flames of public wars and confusions!

That is amusing to us, but the Puritans, like Queen Victoria for a different reason, would have said grimly, "We are not amused," for resort to second causes and natural explanations was odious in their eyes. In their own phrase, such awe-inspiring events were God's "warning guns" shot off before His "aiming gun." Comets foretold evil because God sent them for that purpose. Their Calvinism taught them this, and behind their Calvinism, here as

everywhere, stood the Bible. Had not Jesus told His disciples that signs on the earth and in the sky would be the heralds of His Coming? Had He not taught them to believe in God, who numbers the hairs of a man's head and marks the fall of a sparrow? So the Puritan strengthened and sanctioned the popular attitude of mind by the words of Scripture and the theology of John Calvin.

This way of thinking was brought to these shores by both Puritan and Pilgrim. They found everywhere signs of God's favor or displeasure, sent by Him to warn or encourage His people. Here for instance is a passage from Cotton Mather's Diary:

August 14, 1716. This Day a singular Thing befel me. My God, Help me to understand the Meaning of it! I was prevailed withal, to do a Thing, which I very rarely do: (not once in Years). I rode abroad with some Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, to take the country Air, and to divert ourselves, at a famous Fish-Pond. In the Canoe, on the Pond, my Foot slipt, and I fell overboard into the Pond. Had the Vessel been a little further from the Shore, I must have been drown'd. But I soon recovered the Shore, and going speedily into a warm Bed, I received no sensible Harm. I returned well in the Evening: sollicitous to make all the reflections of Piety on my Disaster, and on my Deliverance. But not yett able to penetrate into the whole Meaning of the Occurrence. Am I quickly to go under the Earth, as I have been under the Water? My Consort had her Mind, all the former part of the day and all the day before, full of uneasy impressions, on her Mind, that this little journey would have Mischief attending of it.

There is a capital picture of the Puritan mind. Mrs. Mather had presentiments of trouble, and her husband was concerned to discover the "whole meaning" of the occurrence which fulfilled them. We should be inclined to say that a solicitous wife might very well be anxious when her somewhat top-heavy husband proposed so great a change in his habitually sedentary and studious life as to go a-pleasuring, and that so far as Cotton Mather was concerned the whole meaning of the event simply was that it was dangerous for a man of his age, and build, and learned lumberliness to go out in a little boat on Spy Pond at all, and that thereafter he might better fish from the shore or learn to sit particularly quiet in the canoe, else he might expect another ducking. But that was not the Mather, or the Puritan, way of looking at life. God would teach him a much more important lesson: this was a presage of something of deeper moment, perhaps his death, soon to befall.

The Diary of Cotton Mather, and the writings of the Puritans in general, abound in this sort of thing. These men and women were for seeing God's hand in everything. Since His eye was ever upon them and there was nothing which they could conceal, they learned to do, or think, nothing which they would wish to hide. Simple folk are wont to take for true whatever idea happens to turn up in their minds just because they find it there; the Puritan did the same but justified his practice by the theory that the idea was of divine origin. It was an easy step from a resolution to do God's will to a conviction that one's own will was God's, and so to put back of individual purpose an almighty decree. And this habit was of practical value, for it is difficult to see how the first settlers could have maintained themselves in this howling wilderness (as they loved to call it), beset by savage foes, who were loyal subjects of Satan, save by an indomitable faith that they were God's people, brought here by His will, guided by His counsel, pro-

tected and sustained by His hand. If misfortune befell them, it was a chastisement from the Lord intended for their good. Could a less thoroughgoing faith than this have carried them through the early days of trial?

By reliance upon this faith it was confirmed, and transmitted to posterity. In New England there are still good country folk who are no less keen for signs and omens than their ancestors were. Years ago, an aged Vermont woman told me that once in the spring a full-blown fruit tree in a neighbor's garden was blighted overnight, although no other tree in the vicinity was damaged. "I couldn't understand the meaning of it," she said, "until next fall when all the children of the family died one after another: then I understood." She was entirely sincere about it; the pious soul actually believed that the blighting of the fruit blossoms was designed to foretell the deaths that were to occur in the household. It is not so long ago that one could find similar beliefs universally held on the New England country-side. The shroud-like guttering of a candle, mysterious noises heard in the stillness of night, a sound as of cats scurrying over the floor of a room in which no cats were—these were "forerunners" of death, divine messengers sent to prepare men and women for *comint sorrow*, for death, and for the Judgment Day.

Probably no reader of *The Nation* would confess to any such gross superstitions, although it may be doubted whether in all cases mental enlightenment has yet affected the spinal column. The goose-flesh rises even while we laugh. But there is a fashion nowadays to make over old ideas, rehabilitate former superstitions, interpret old formulas, and say proudly: See, this wholly reasonable thing is exactly what our forebears meant, although they did not quite know it, and so we believe just as they did. It is a perverse practice which is responsible for a large amount of the theological fog which obscures and chills the religious thought of today, but since there are many who like this sort of thing, let us give them the sort of thing they like, and suggest an interpretation into modern terms of the central belief and faith of the Puritan. We no longer speak of the absolute sovereignty of God, but we believe unhesitatingly in the absolute sovereignty of law—and that is the same idea only in different words. We do not connect comets with national disaster, or the blasting of a blossoming tree with the subsequent death of buds of the family, yet it would not be surprising if some one, reading Spencer's imputed natural explanation, had murmured that there might be something in it after all, and that comets and calamity might be connected in the causal context of events. We do not accept the particular connections which the Puritans made, but that there are connections is the central article of our scientific creed, and it remains only to identify the scientific laws of nature with the regular habits of an immanent God, and, behold, we are standing precisely where the fathers stood. It is not uncommon, nowadays, to be gravely told that modern science is old-time Calvinism in other terms: for divine decrees, we now have scientific determinism; for election and reprobation, germinal selection which gives rise to an amiable or an odious product quite apart from the will of parents or offspring; for original sin, the solidarity of mankind simultaneously and successively. It is all highly entertaining as an exhibition of theological hocus-pocus, but if we had so interpreted our ancestors to themselves in their lifetime they would have made it hot for us here—and hereafter.

Ratify the Turkish Treaty!

By EDWARD MEAD EARLE

RATIFICATION by the Senate of the Turco-American Treaty of amity and commerce signed last August at Lausanne should be achieved with the least possible delay. The resumption of normal relations with Turkey would be a potent impetus to economic rehabilitation and political stabilization in the Near East. It would go far toward assuring peace to an area of the world which has been cursed with almost uninterrupted internecine and international war for almost fifteen years—from the Young Turk Revolution of 1908 to the Mudania Armistice of 1922.

The Peace of Lausanne—of which the Turco-American Treaty must be considered an integral part—is not, to be sure, the kind of peace which the Western world would like to see imposed upon Turkey. Unlike the peace of Sèvres, it is a negotiated, not a dictated, peace. In this respect it marks a salutary departure from that type of diplomatic procedure which poisoned the treaties drawn up at Paris. The Sèvres settlement was signed under duress by a puppet government at Constantinople, but was rejected by almost every other articulate voice in Turkey. The Lausanne peace was negotiated freely by a Nationalist government and was ratified by a National Assembly which is more nearly democratic than any previous parliament in Turkish history and which enjoys the confidence and respect of the Anatolian peasantry. At Sèvres terms were exacted of Turkey which were impossible of fulfilment. At Lausanne the Nationalists signed up no blank checks and made no pledges which they cannot keep. The Sèvres Treaty violated promises, outraged legitimate national aspirations, defied economic laws, and satisfied no one except the imperialists who drafted it. The Peace of Lausanne is an honest effort to reconcile Turkish sovereignty with the peculiar geographical, ethnographical, religious, and economic problems of the Near East as a whole.

There will be many Americans, of course, to whom formal recognition of the New Turkey will be humiliating. But we cannot, if we would, escape the consequence of our own inconsistencies and our own follies in the Near East since 1918. President Wilson shares with Mr. Lloyd George the responsibility for the foolhardy Greek occupation of Smyrna, which fanned Turkish nationalism into a hot flame and which, to quote the Harbord report, "cheapened every Christian life in Turkey." By withdrawing from participation in the negotiation of peace terms for Turkey we permitted the predatory ambitions of Greece and the Allies to run riot in the Near East, at a cost of life and treasure which is yet to be computed. Although we have always professed great interest in the welfare of the Christian minorities in Turkey, the Senate, perhaps quite correctly under the circumstances, refused to accept a mandate for Armenia. Although our State Department has been engaged for four years in a diplomatic controversy with Great Britain over Mesopotamian oil resources, we moved not a finger to break the Greco-Turkish death-grapple in Anatolia. If the Turks achieved a victory over Allied and American diplomacy at Lausanne, it was partly because they had a case which merited more respect. The Lausanne peace is a severe blow to Western imperialism in the Near

East and as such should be welcomed by liberals everywhere.

The American, as well as the Allied, treaty with Turkey recognizes the abolition of the Capitulations, which had come to be considered sacrosanct by Westerners. It is by no means certain, however, that the former capitulatory regime was justified on the grounds of either expediency or right. Certainly the narrowly defined jurisdiction of the Ottoman Government over foreigners—and over certain Ottoman nationals under foreign "protection"—was one of the principal causes of Turkish administrative confusion and judicial incompetence. The exemption of foreigners from taxation and the veto of foreign governments over increases in Ottoman customs duties assisted in the perpetual pauperization of the Turkish Treasury and placed the Sublime Porte at the mercy of European diplomats and European financiers. Although the Moslem faith abjures the use of intoxicating liquors, and although American missionaries and their supporters at home are firm believers in prohibition, the liquor traffic was openly carried on in Turkey by native and European Christians under the protection of the Capitulations and of the Christian Powers. The foremost American authority on the juridical status of foreigners in Turkey has said that "foreigners were so completely exempt from the jurisdiction of the Turkish police that they came, in effect, to be regarded as subject to no law. Consciously or unconsciously foreigners not infrequently indicated an utter disregard and contempt for many of the police regulations. The Turkish authorities often found themselves quite helpless under the most trying and exasperating circumstances. The most notorious instance of this helplessness was the impotence of the police in dealing with the hotels, cafes, gambling houses, saloons, dance-halls, and other pleasure resorts which were owned by foreigners and flourished insolently in defiance of Moslem sensibilities. The so-called European quarters in Pera and Galata degenerated into districts so degraded as to constitute a shameful commentary on European civilization."

When the Turco-American Treaty was signed on August 6 last, the existence of an independent and sovereign Turkey was a *fait accompli*. On September 10, 1914, the Sultan had abrogated the Capitulations as "an intolerable obstacle to all progress in the empire." The National Pact of the Kemalists declared that the Turks "consider the possession of complete independence and liberty as the *sine qua non* of their national existence" and that, consequently, they "oppose all juridical or financial restrictions of any nature which would arrest their national development." In spite of the bullying of Lord Curzon and the cajolery of M. Barrère, Ismet Pasha stood firm at Lausanne, and the Allies were obliged to acknowledge "the complete abolition of the Capitulations in every respect." Failure on the part of the American representatives at Lausanne to recognize the facts as they were, rather than as some Americans thought they ought to be, would have made any negotiations with the Turks out of the question.

In order to improve upon its judicial system—which has been notoriously inefficient and corrupt—the Turkish

Government informed the Allies and the United States at Lausanne that it proposed to take into its employ for a period of at least five years, as Turkish officials, "a number of European legal counselors whom it will select from a list prepared by the Permanent Court of International Justice from among jurists nationals of countries which did not take part in the war of 1914 to 1918." It is pure speculation to say whether these foreign counselors will accomplish any immediate reforms in the Turkish judicial system. It may be that racial and religious prejudices will be too powerful to be overcome. If so, Armenians under the new regime will obtain in Turkish courts the same even-handed justice which Negroes are accustomed to receive in Georgia, and foreigners in Turkey will be dealt with in the same spirit of judicial impartiality which Japanese have experienced in California.

The abrogation of the Capitulations takes away from American schools and colleges in Turkey the legal immunities which they formerly enjoyed. It does not, however, mean that their work will have to be discontinued or even impaired. The Turkish Government, in a formal communication to the State Department and in informal assurances to the institutions themselves, has declared its intention of observing a liberal and benevolent policy toward American educational enterprises in Turkey. Robert College began its sixty-first year last September with an enrolment of four hundred and fifty students, more than one hundred of whom were Turks. One of the Turkish students is a brother of Ismet Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Constantinople Woman's College has a registration of three hundred and thirty, of whom about one-sixth are Turks. These two colleges have played, and promise to continue to play, so prominent a part in the moral and intellectual leadership of the Near East that it would be a tragedy to jeopardize their work. No amount of military force could secure for them the preeminent position which they now enjoy as a result of the good-will of the Turkish authorities. Rejection of the Turkish treaty—particularly if it be rejected because of partisan politics or religious bigotry—would be certain to affect adversely the prestige which America has long enjoyed in the Near East. It is a full realization of these facts which has led Dr. James L. Barton, secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; Dr. Caleb Gates, president of Robert College, and Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, president of the Constantinople Woman's College, to state publicly that they favor ratification of the Turco-American Treaty of Lausanne.

Protection of minorities was a thorny question at Lausanne. As between Greeks and Turks a solution was attempted by a compulsory exchange of populations, which is now going on partly under the supervision of the League of Nations. This perilous experiment was not undertaken at the instigation of the Turks, as has been so freely charged by the uninformed press, but as the result of a fervent plea by Dr. F. Nansen, who considers it the only permanent solution of the problem. As regards all other Christian minorities the Allied treaty with the Turks contains certain specific guarantees for all nationals of Turkey "without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race, or religion": equality before the law and full protection of life, liberty, and property; equal civil and political rights; permission to maintain, establish, and control religious, philanthropic, and social institutions; freedom of religion

and unrestricted use of the vernacular; freedom of social customs, including family law and personal status. It will be freely charged, of course, that these promises are not worth the paper they are written on—other such promises, albeit not so far-reaching, have been made before. In this connection it is well to quote certain sections of Article 44 of the treaty with the Allies:

Turkey agrees that . . . these provisions constitute obligations of international concern and shall be placed under the guaranty of the League of Nations. They shall not be modified without the assent of a majority of the Council of the League of Nations. . . . Any member of the Council of the League shall have the right to bring to the attention of the Council any infraction or danger of infraction of any of these obligations, and the Council may thereupon take such action and give such directions as it may deem proper and effective in the circumstances. Turkey further agrees that any difference of opinion as to questions of law or of fact arising out of these articles . . . shall be held to be a dispute of international character under Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. The Turkish Government hereby consents that any such dispute shall, if the other party thereto demands, be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The decision of the Permanent Court shall be final and shall have the same force and effect as an award under Article 13 of the Covenant.

That the Turco-American Treaty does not include these minorities provisions may be attributed to three principal reasons: First, rightly or wrongly, no such pledges have ever been incorporated in treaty form between the United States and Turkey and certainly do not constitute part of a treaty of amity and commerce; second, the guarantees are under the supervision of the League of Nations, the very existence of which is not conceded by the present Administration; third, they would be considered by Senate "irreconcilables" and others as foreign entanglements too monstrous to be even contemplated. Those who talk of our failure in this treaty to fulfil our obligations to Armenia forget that we cannot reach agreement in the United States upon even the most elementary sort of international co-operation, such as the Permanent Court of International Justice. They also forget that in 1920 the Senate flatly rejected the proposal for an Armenian mandate, at a time when we were asked to assume guardianship for territory under the complete military subjection of the Allies. Short, of a successful armed invasion of the Anatolian peninsula there is now no way we can achieve what we then refused to consider. Ratification of the Turco-American Treaty, however, would enable our official representatives at Angora to exercise their influence on behalf of moderation and justice.

Sweeping assertions have been made that the treaty with Turkey is "humiliating and purposeless" and "surrenders every American right in Turkey." Nothing could be further from the truth. The Turkish Government is meeting in a most friendly spirit outstanding pecuniary claims of American citizens. Americans in Turkey—whether engaged on business, on philanthropy, or on pleasure—are guaranteed "most favored nation" treatment. American merchant ships, war vessels, and aircraft are permitted unrestricted passage through the now demilitarized Straits, in time of war no less than in time of peace. In other words, Americans will have in Turkey the same rights as nationals of the Allied Powers. We are not asked to accept less, and we have no justification for asking more.

It is frequently stated that we can have no confidence in the good faith of the Turks in observing their international engagements. In a world in which treaty obligations are more freely undertaken than performed, one must admit the possibility that violations of the letter and spirit of the Lausanne peace may occur. However, the Turks desire American friendship and have done their best to retain it under conditions more trying than the present. From the time of our entry into the Great War until the armistice, American lives and property were wholly at the mercy of the Turks. But American lives were protected, American property was kept inviolate, and American schools and colleges outside the war zone continued their work unmolested.

Ratification of this treaty would no more condone past acts of violence on the part of the Turks than assistance to Greek refugees condoned the diabolical conduct of the Greek army in Anatolia. It merely gives Americans the opportunity, with the good-will of the Turks, to play a part in the economic and social reconstruction of a war-ridden Near East. The Turks are conducting an honest experiment in government to which every American tradition is pledged. They are attempting to reform their social cus-

toms in accordance with the spirit of Western progress. Their success will depend in large measure upon the extent to which they will enjoy the sympathy and encouragement of the outside world. The Young Turk revolution was debauched not so much because of the venality of certain of its leaders as because of the imperialism of Christian nations. It would be tragic indeed if a new attempt to regenerate Asia Minor should run similarly amuck because of tribal loyalties and war psychology on the part of Americans.

What is asked for the Turks should be demanded for every other Near Eastern people. The Greek people, worn out as a result of an ill-advised military venture, taxed to the breaking-point, victimized by a meaningless series of political revolutions, likewise need our support and our generous financial assistance. An objective analysis of the situation in the Near East must lead to the conclusion that it is the result of two epidemic diseases: exaggerated political and cultural nationalism on the part of the Balkan and Anatolian peoples, and the unregulated economic and strategic rivalries of the great Powers. When shall we learn to attack the causes, rather than the effects, of these plagues?

Nicholas Longworth

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

HARDLY anybody seems ever to want to write anything really serious and deep about Nicholas Longworth. The resulting gap in American political literature is one which I will now endeavor to fill up.

Nicholas Longworth, now floor leader of the Republican Party in the House of Representatives of the United States of America, is presumably loved by the common people. His district is full of them, and they have sent him to the House of Representatives for ten terms. Only nine members of the House now excel and exceed Mr. Longworth in length of service, or—to put it another way—in continuity of favor with their districts. Eight of these nine are conservatives. What this proves about the common people is not the subject of this article.

Mr. Longworth voted for all the "farm bloc" bills in the last session of Congress while the "farm bloc" was supported by all good banks and chambers of commerce east of the Mississippi—and by many of them west of it—to be engaged in undermining and collapsing the republic.

Longworth voted for the bonus—and voted for it over President Harding's veto—while all the great forces of what is technically known as "organized wealth" were visiting upon the bonus their sternest disapproval. Mr. Longworth in nineteen hundred and seventeen, in the course of the passage of the revenue bill of that year, endeavored earnestly to insert into the bill a provision for putting heavier taxes on the unearned incomes of the lolling rich than on the earned incomes of the toiling poor. Mr. Longworth in nineteen hundred and nineteen was a large leader in the "insurgency" which prevented the "Old Guard" in the House of Representatives from electing Mr. James R. Mann of Illinois to be Speaker. Mr. Longworth today, as floor leader of the Republican Party in the House, has had to choose between making concessions, on the one hand, to the Republican "progressives" and, on the other, to the Demo-

crats, who, most of them, are much more conservative than the Republican "progressives." Mr. Longworth has chosen to make concessions to the Republican "progressives" and has received Mr. John M. Nelson, the militant leader of the House "progressive group," into the House governing class, which is called the Rules Committee.

Mr. Longworth is a conservative who in order to save some of conservatism would never hesitate to abandon some of it. He is not a "last ditch" or "die hard" or "rule or ruin" conservative. He is too sophisticated to think that any of the matters now in Congress are life-and-death matters in the history of the republic. He knows very well that they are not. He knows also that certain so-called "progressive" measures are demanded not merely by the argument that a certain number of tubs must be thrown to the pursuing "progressive" whale, which might otherwise climb on board the ship of state, but also by their own merits as sound measures. He favors, for instance, a drastic increasing of inheritance taxes.

He further is able at will to be extremely profound in his speeches. A recent speech of his in favor of stopping the issuing of tax-exempt securities is so profound that he has been observed to seem oppressed while reading it over again himself. It is full of statistics and it is deep—very deep.

We come now, however, to Mr. Longworth's faults. His chief fault is that no matter how deep he becomes he cannot become solemn. There is in him a total void at the spot where the American statesman keeps usually that priceless possession of his: a talent for a solemnity which would make the British House of Commons flee to the tea terrace.

To do serious things in a light manner: that is more British than American. Lord Curzon would have no great reputation for solemnity over here. In London Mr. Longworth would have no great reputation for frivolity. Here

there are many of his fellow-statesmen who for many years thought they had comprehended Mr. Longworth when they said: "He is amusing."

His next fault is that he was born of a distinguished family, and born rich, and lives accordingly, and likes it, and has too much humor—which is almost the same thing as saying too much sincerity—to pretend that he does not like it or that he is living otherwise. He accordingly, besides bearing the burden of being accused of being amusing, bears the even heavier burden of being accused of being an aristocrat.

He is also an artist. He knows music, pursues music, performs music; and he does it with the zeal and with the skill of an adept—or addict.

His playing of the violin is a streak of civilization across a scene of committee hearings, reported bills, debates on the politics of them, dinner parties on the politics of them, and more committee hearings and more reported bills.

A wit, an aristocrat, an artist.

Yet he has a faculty somehow for getting called "Nick"; and also, somehow, when Mr. Mondell, Republican floor leader in the last session of the House of Representatives, retired from the House to run for the Senate, people began of their own motion to go toward "Nick" to ask him to be Mr. Mondell's successor. Mr. Longworth himself was motionless about it. He conducted no campaign for himself for the floor leadership. He went on making jokes at serious moments and wearing spats.

In the matter of the spats he was saved by Robert Marion La Follette. Several Representatives who were laboring most diligently to accumulate votes among their fellow-Representatives for Mr. Longworth for floor leader came to him one day and said:

"You won't mind if we talk to you on a serious subject?"

"I'd like you to," said Mr. Longworth.

"It's this," said they. "We find there is a great deal of criticism of you about your clothes and particularly about those spats. Now we want to ask you: Wouldn't you be willing to give up wearing spats? It would help us a lot."

"Well," said Longworth, "will you first do something for me?"

"Certainly," said they.

"It's this," said Longworth. "Go over to the Senate and see Mr. La Follette."

"And say what?"

"Oh, anything. Just go over and have a talk with him."

They went. In fifteen minutes they were back.

"It's all right," they said. "He was making a speech and we just took one look at him. You're saved."

"I thought so," said Longworth. "May I continue to wear my spats?"

"You may," said his friends and went out to publish their discovery. Robert M. La Follette wears spats too.

As floor leader, Mr. Longworth already is, and probably increasingly will be, a negotiator of compromises both as to parliamentary methods and as to legislative acts. His enemies will say that he has no convictions. His friends will say that he has no fanaticisms. The inward truth will be that he has an Horatian humor. He has levity and sanity. He has a sense of the laughable mingling of contradictory principles in life as lived and a sense of the deadly ridiculousness of extremes. If he thinks the ex-

tremist clamors of the progressive faction ridiculous, he thinks the extremist alarms of his own conservative faction ridiculous likewise. He is amusing and amused; and he will be an amused conservative "moderate."

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a serious-minded young niece who is always attempting to interest him in profound and weighty issues. Whenever she receives a blank requesting the names of ten people who might be interested in the reform of the calendar, Esperanto, or the woes of the Washabis, she fills it in with the Drifter's name at the top. He thus appears upon countless high-minded mailing-lists, and accordingly the Bok boosters seem passionately eager to have his vote upon their plan to save the world. The postman staggers in daily with a new pile of Bok ballots—a partial list, allowing for the frailties of human recollection, includes the Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the Civic Club, the Civil Service Association, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Foreign Policy Association, the Friends of Irish Freedom, the League of Nations Nonpartisan Association, the League for Industrial Democracy, the League for Political Education, the Scandinavian-American Foundation, the Select Committee of alumni of his high school, the Select Committee of alumni of his college, the Select Committee of alumni of his graduate school, and he has forgotten what else. Only the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee and the Key Man Movement organized by the New York *Commercial* have left Bok's billets-doux severely alone.

THUS far the Drifter has not been able to bring himself to read the plan, any more than he can read the literature of the noble organizations distributing it. He can decide, however, without reading it: he is always for the under dog. When the voting is almost complete he will ask Mr. Bok for the latest count, sit up all night signing ballots, and send in by the last mail enough votes to swing the verdict of the American people into a thunderous Yes or No, as the case may be—whichever it was not on the night before.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

William Channing Gannett

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel sure that you will be glad to grant me a little space in your valued paper to pay tribute to a great and good man, dead on December 15 last, who must have been known and revered by many of your readers. I refer to the late Dr. William C. Gannett, of Rochester, New York. Born in Boston in 1840, a son of the distinguished Ezra Stiles Gannett, baptized by William Ellery Channing with his own name, graduated from Harvard College and the Harvard Divinity School, Mr. Gannett spent his life in the service of five Unitarian churches—at Milwaukee (Wis.), East Lexington (Mass.), St. Paul (Minn.), Hinsdale (Ill.), and Rochester (N. Y.). During all of this long period he was one of the outstanding leaders of his communion, beloved as a friend, honored as a teacher, revered as a saint and prophet. Nor were his activity and influence limited to his church; on the contrary, throughout all his career he was a dominant and adored figure in the community at large.

Reared in the tonic atmosphere of New England transcendentalism, when Emerson was meditating in Concord, Parker thundering in the pulpit of the Boston Music Hall, and Garrison crusading at the head of the Abolition movement, Gannett early acquired the habits of clear thought, honest speech, and dauntless courage which marked him all his years. In the furious controversy which rent the Unitarian body in the eighties of the last century and which swung that church at last to the extreme left of theological radicalism, Dr. Gannett was in the van fighting fearlessly for those large liberties of thought which are now the chief glory of religious liberalism everywhere. No man was more uncompromising than he, yet no man more sympathetic in his understanding of his opponents or more gracious in his treatment of them. He was all tenderness for men, whatever their opinions or perversities. Love was as much the atmosphere of his heart as fragrance the atmosphere of flowers.

At bottom, after all, this man was more the mystic than the prophet, though his service as a leader of thought and life can never be forgotten. But it was in the deep places of the spirit that he dwelt most easily and gladly. It was here that he wrote his immortal sermons which have reached their hundreds of thousands of readers—"Blessed Be Drudgery," "Wrestling and Blessing," and others. It was here that his heart broke out in the songs which rank him among the unforgettable hymn-writers of America. It was here that he fostered friendships which yoked him with a score of precious souls as David was yoked with Jonathan. It was here, finally, in these mystic places, that he grew to the serene stature of sainthood. Dr. Gannett was one of the pure in heart who see God. "I never knew a man so unspotted from the world," said Dr. Samuel M. Crothers at his funeral.

In recent addresses President Meiklejohn has been discussing the moot question of Democracy and Excellence—are they compatible? Dr. Gannett's life cries to heaven like the call of silver trumpets that America produces and may ever produce intellectual and spiritual excellence of the most exalted type. While such men come, we may, like Paul on the road to Rome, "Thank God and take courage."

New York, January 8

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

There Is No Reason or Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The members of the Chinese Seamen's Union have learned with no little astonishment and dismay that nearly 100 American workingmen are in prison on account of the California criminal syndicalist law and that the only evidence presented against them was membership in the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World. We of the Chinese Seamen's Union have always looked upon the United States as a free and desirable country, and we are very sorry to hear it alleged that our fellow-workingmen in the United States are being subjected to such persecutions—unparalleled even in the history of China.

If there is reason or justice in this state of affairs please let us know, so that we can present the case to our members. Unless a reply is received from you in a reasonable length of time the members of the Chinese Seamen's Union will understand that American workingmen are the subjects of a brutal and unjust persecution, and it is certain that our members will then demand that some economic action be taken which will bring your attention, and also the attention of all American capitalists, to the fact that the working class of the world will no longer permit without protest the persecution and imprisonment of workingmen anywhere.

Canton, December 1

CHAK HON KEE,

Secretary for the Chinese Seamen's Union

For Tax-Exempt Securities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 19, in commenting upon President Coolidge's message, you say that the President "deserves praise for his recommendation in favor of a constitutional amendment to end tax-exempt securities." Surely, you have not weighed this subject carefully, nor thought through the problem, or you would not make that statement.

What does the proposal for a constitutional amendment mean, and why the hot haste to enact it? It means only an attempt of public-utility interests to curb municipal ownership. It is directed solely at state and municipal bonds, since federal bonds could be taxed without a constitutional amendment. It means the granting of power to the nation to tax the States and their municipalities—a complete breakdown of the dual system of government. It means an enhancing of the value of the thirty billions of bonds outstanding, since they could not be taxed without impairing the obligations of contracts. It means that money for schools, roads, streets, municipal improvements, and general welfare will be secured with greater difficulty. It would seriously handicap both state and nation in times of national peril in securing the financial aid necessary—all this in order that a handicap may be placed upon public ownership.

In proof of this, observe only the principal forces that have been behind this amendment from the beginning, namely, the national associations of gas, electric light, electric railway, and similar organizations. The principal propaganda has come from these sources and can be found in public-utility journals.

Chicago, December 19

JOHN A. LAPP,

Director Department of Social Action,
National Catholic Welfare Council

No Real Amnesty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Almost without exception those writing on the subject of amnesty for political prisoners leave the reader with the impression that since the remainder of those convicted under the espionage act have been released the fight so far as they are concerned is ended. Not so. Amnesty means a general grant of *pardon* for offenses against the government and restores civil and political rights; mere release from prison, whether by parole, commutation of sentence, or expiration of sentence, does not. The person so released is a felon still and is considered morally unfit to exercise the civil and political rights which go with American citizenship.

Also it should be remembered that the espionage act has not been repealed. There will have been no real vindication of American honor until civil and political rights are restored and the espionage act has been repealed.

Seattle, Washington, December 31

EMIL HERMAN

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN, former director of the American Union Against Militarism, is living in England.

ALICE HOHENEMSER-SALB is an Englishwoman who has lived in Berlin for many years.

FELIX MORLEY is on the staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

W. W. FENN was long dean of the Harvard Divinity School.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is assistant professor of history in Columbia University and the author of "Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is minister of the Community Church in New York.

Poems

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Imminent Doom

This frail and fragrant morning
Is streaming on toward noon;
Listen to my warning!
There will be buzzing soon.
Soon we shall be shaken
Like flowers and gold grass
And all our pollen taken
By a bee with bowels of brass.

Hard Girl

I never loved you, never any man;
I run too fast to long be overtaken.
But I will wave to you, and you, unshaken
Will turn and watch the brown road where I ran.
Will you be sorry, will you feel forsaken?
A little grief is good for any man.

Books

Crucify Him, Crucify Him!

Young India (1919-1922). By Mahatma Gandhi. With a brief sketch of the Non-Cooperation Movement. By Babu Rejendra Prasad. B. W. Huebsch. \$4.

MAHATMA GANDHI is coming into his own! I remember, when I prepared an address upon this man in 1920, I could find nothing about him outside a few stray newspaper clippings and a brief but sympathetic account of his life in an article in the *Hibbert Journal* (1917) by Gilbert Murray. Later I secured some books and pamphlets from India, and managed to lay my hands upon the exceedingly rare pamphlet "M. K. Gandhi, An Indian Patriot in South Africa," by Joseph J. Doke. Now at last material is beginning to appear here in America. Haridas T. Muzumdar, a fellow-countryman, has published in Chicago a brief biography, "Gandhi the Apostle." In the *Century* is appearing a series of biographical papers by Romain Rolland, soon to be printed in book form. Gandhi's own book, "Hind Swaraj," is now in press. And here are the writings of the Mahatma in his paper, *Young India*, during the great period from 1919 to 1922.

If I believed in the idea of reincarnation, I would regard Mahatma Gandhi in all reverence as Jesus Christ returned to earth. If I believed in the doctrine of the Second Coming, I would say that this event had already transpired in India. In saying this I do not refer to the influence of the Nazarene upon the Indian, which he has himself made plain. Rather do I have in mind the whole spirit of Gandhi and the marvelous pattern of his life. This Mahatma's soul is the Christ's soul. Its inward simplicity and purity, its mystic hold upon eternal verities, its strange combination of humility and exaltation, its profound understanding and infinite compassion, its vast capacity for sacrifice, its inflexible purpose of idealism, its love of men and its consciousness of God—all these reproduce Jesus. Equally remarkable, as an historical parallel, is the non-resistant philosophy upon which Gandhi builds his movement for the emancipation of India and the restoration of its native culture. Worked out in terms of economic and political organization unknown to Jesus, it is at heart the same ideal applied to the same problem of spiritual redemption. Even the setting of Gandhi's

life, and its drama to date—a public ministry of three years directed to the multitudes and against the native rulers of his people and an alien empire, presenting spiritual principles of love and sacrifice as the foundations of a new social order, ending in arrest, trial, and, not crucifixion to be sure, but long imprisonment—these suggest a transference of the New Testament story to our day. And this book, "Young India," bulky as it is, seems a gospel of this modern Christ!

The closing pages, as in each of the four Gospels, present the story of the arrest, trial, and condemnation of the non-resistant leader of his people. This is preceded, as in the Gospels, by anticipations of the event ("If I am arrested—"). The arrest is briefly described. Then comes the trial before the English judge—the questioning, the plea of guilty, Gandhi's unforgettable "Statement" to the court, the judge's highly creditable reply, the sentence, the closing scene of farewell. There is nothing in history to compare with this except the death of Jesus, unless it be the death of Socrates or that of John Brown. The account, as printed in this volume, is destined, I believe, to take its permanent place in the world's literature of heroic martyrdom.

In the thousand and more pages leading up to this sublime climax are gathered "all the articles, numbering hundreds," printed by Gandhi in *Young India* during his active leadership of the Non-Cooperation Movement. The separate items, including not merely articles, but interviews, conversations, letters, editorials, chance notes, and "observations by the way," run the whole gamut of discussion from the most exalted moral and religious principles to comparatively trivial matters of individual conduct and party tactics. Some few, written by others than Gandhi himself, are included because of their direct bearing upon certain aspects of the Mahatma's career or thought. Others are introduced or accompanied by a short narrative in explanation of the time and circumstance of a particular utterance. Many contain important biographical data. All combine, as living documents printed just as they were written in the heat of conflict, to give an unrivaled picture of Gandhi in his greatest years—his program and its application to a myriad particular instances; his purpose and the faith by which it lives; above all, his august spirit. He moves in these pages as vividly as Jesus in the Gospels—and as sublimely.

"Young India," in spite of its bulk and its modern documentary aspect, would have still more strongly suggested the New Testament parallel upon which I am insisting had it not been for the editor's arrangement of material logically instead of chronologically, by topics as in an encyclopedia instead of by sequence of events as in a history or biography. The chapters thus appear "sorted and grouped under ten sections," entitled Towards Non-Cooperation, The Principles of Non-Cooperation, The Non-Cooperation Campaign, Towards Civil Disobedience, Miscellaneous, etc. This scheme has the advantage of making the book a kind of textbook, admirably adapted to the uses of those who want to know the ideas and practices involved in Gandhi's great revolt. But this advantage is won at the cost of missing the march of events, and thus the sweep of the most thrilling and momentous movement of modern times. I found myself rebelling at this attempt of another mind to classify under general topics and with precise headings what had never been classified by Gandhi himself but, on the contrary, had been put forth as the moment determined and as this crisis or that developed. Gandhi, after all, is not a philosopher, not primarily a thinker, but a statesman, a reformer, a popular leader, a seer and prophet, that strange combination of man of action and man of vision which appears, as in Jesus, in only the rarest souls of history. We should see him and hear his words as he himself moved from day to day, and from event to event. To arrange material, as the editor has done in "Young India," is too much like what the theologians have done to the words of Jesus to be satisfactory.

What the reader will probably miss in this volume is a certain eloquence which he has been led to expect from the stories

which have come from India of Gandhi's vast influence over his countrymen. There is little here of the conciseness of the great master of popular speech, the Nazarene—little of his matchless poetry, his brilliant irony, his vivid power of parable and phrase. It must be remembered, of course, that the contents of the books are essays or letters, and not addresses. But even so is it obvious that Gandhi's eloquence is that of personality and not of speech. But what a personality! What freedom from prejudice, pride, malice, vindictiveness, self-seeking! What mastery of tolerance, patience, magnanimity, the universal love of men! What inward discipline to purity, what outward consecration to sacrifice! What vision of the spirit, and what trust in spiritual forces to endure and conquer all! Is it any wonder that this man has won the allegiance of his people, and is now little by little catching the imagination of the world? In all things fundamental to the soul, he is incomparably the greatest of living men. In his organization of a vast social movement in terms of non-violent coercion or non-resistant love, his life marks a new epoch in the annals of the race. In purpose, method, and ideal he reveals to our time, as Jesus revealed to his, the way of life. Yet England today, like Rome yesterday, sees nothing to do with such a man but to destroy him!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

An Appeal to Posterity

The World Crisis: 1915. By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.50.

IT is hard for anyone who detests Mr. Churchill's militarism to approach with the requisite detachment his story of his achievements as a war minister. If you feel that the spirit that exults in the exploits of war is a spirit not of light but of darkness, how can you regard with any sympathy a career whose proudest glory is derived from its claim to preeminent mastery of the art of human slaughter? Yet if the man himself is to be fairly judged, any such prejudice (in the literal sense of the word) must be set aside. As long as there are wars there must be war ministers.

Mr. Churchill's earlier volume gave us his interpretation of the military events of 1914, with special reference to his own work at the Admiralty. In this record of 1915 the most prominent place is naturally occupied by the account of the attempt to force the Dardanelles. The failure of that enterprise brought upon its principal sponsor an obloquy which will not soon or easily be dispelled. It dogged him even in his recent electoral campaign at Leicester. He admits himself that he "cannot expect to alter the fixed and prevailing opinions of this generation" on the subject, and is content that his *apologia* shall survive as "one of the factors upon which the judgment of our children will be founded."

To those who have not read this book it will doubtless seem an absurd exaggeration to compare it to Thucydides's story of the Syracusan expedition. Yet that is the precedent that again and again it inevitably recalls. Happily for the comfort of the reader, Mr. Churchill's style is more lucid, if less distinguished, than that of Thucydides, but its subject and its literary quality make this record equally certain to be ranked as an enduring possession. One is haunted throughout by the same impression of some mysterious and inexplicable doom that brought the curse of futility upon the most gallant and self-sacrificing efforts. Was there ever such a succession of tragic blunders bringing to naught one project after another when within an ace of success?

While incidentally there are involved in the story technicalities on which only a military or naval expert has a right to express an opinion, the main features of the Dardanelles policy are within the comprehension of any intelligent man. And the verdict of nine readers out of ten must be that Mr. Churchill's self-vindication is complete. In particular, he scatters to the four winds the popular notion that his plans were the mere

brilliant inspirations of a clever amateur meddling with problems for which the competent professional would have sought a different solution. He shows conclusively that there was not one of them that failed to receive the highest expert endorsement. Nor, again, was he attempting to carry out individual policies against the judgment of the head of the Government. Every action of his in opening and pressing the operations at the Dardanelles was taken with the Prime Minister's full knowledge, approval, and support. What Mr. Churchill is fairly entitled to say is that if those persons, civilians and professionals alike, upon whose cooperation the success of the expedition depended had shown a tithe of his insight, his foresight, and his tenacity the event would have been far otherwise. Pungent as are some of his criticisms of other actors in the drama, the wonder is that he shows so little bitterness in his comments upon the men for whose weaknesses and stupidities an ill-informed public opinion has made him the scapegoat.

One cannot help wishing, indeed, that Mr. Churchill had pursued peace as diligently and wholeheartedly as he has sought victory in war. He reveals here powers that would have been of the highest value in solving the problems of reconstruction. He can envisage a complicated situation as a whole without losing himself among details; he realizes the wisdom of submitting to an immediate loss as the price of a larger future gain; he has a fertile imagination which never lures him to forget the limitations imposed upon it by practical considerations; and he is alert to devise and encourage novel and unconventional expedients to take the place of traditional methods that have proved inadequate to a new emergency. This latter quality is illustrated by the story of his quick discernment of the possibilities of the "tank" in land fighting and his persistence in testing and developing this heterodox invention in the teeth of disapproval in the highest military quarters. Here, if anywhere, he might justly have been accused of interfering in matters outside his own province, but, just as a treasonable rebellion becomes a glorious revolution when it succeeds, so heterodoxy brings no pains or penalties upon the heretic when a few months suffice to transform it into orthodoxy.

But it must not be supposed that the interest or value of this volume is limited to the record of those events in which the author himself is a prominent figure. We get here, for instance, a graphic description of the Dogger Bank action, an admirable summary of the Balkan question, and many illuminating reflections on various topics, such as an acute discrimination between the functions of a military and a naval commander-in-chief. It is edifying to discover that Mr. Churchill agrees today with the despised pacifist that the war settled nothing. "The most complete victory ever gained in arms," he confesses, "has failed to solve the European problem or remove the dangers which produced the war."

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Mistaken Vocations

Silk. By Samuel Merwin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2. *The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang.* By W. F. Mannix, with an Introduction by Ralph D. Paine. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

TO make some degree of sober fact as entertaining as fiction and to make fiction as plausible as truth—these were the contradictory aims of Samuel Merwin in "Silk," his historical novel of the Han Dynasty, and of William F. Mannix in "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," now reissued by the publisher with a biographical note by Ralph Paine explaining the famous forgery.

The Mannix scoop imposed for years on newspaper editors, publishers, public, and sinologues, and it is interesting to see that the men best informed about Chinese life were the most unwilling to admit that any mere imagination, unaided by voluminous inside information, could have produced the book.

Arthur H. Smith, for instance, whose volumes on Chinese life and characteristics are said to be unsurpassed for their intimate knowledge of the Chinese people, wrote, when the authenticity of the work had been wholly disproved:

But perusing it with great care I did not find anything of importance which might not have been true, and there is an air of verisimilitude to the whole thing which makes it next to impossible that it should have been altogether a forgery.

So much for the success of Mr. Mannix's imaginative recreation of the Chinese statesman. Yet the notorious "Memoirs" do not make nearly as entertaining or significant reading as the tale of the mental quirks of the American adventurer who wrote them while serving a year's sentence for petty forgery in a jail in Honolulu. "It would have been much easier and more profitable for him to have gone straight," according to Mr. Paine, but the "talents of a novelist were perversely wasted in elaborate endeavors to impose upon the credulity of those with whom he came in contact."

For intellects less fantastic than that of Mr. Mannix it is a simple thing to recognize the straight course in such matters as signing other peoples' names to checks or inventing detailed and circumstantial memoirs of a statesman who had played an important international role only a few years before. The matter of going straight as a novelist is more complicated. But Mr. Merwin is not afraid of complications. His melodramatic, almost wholly plausible plot is full of them, handled with a zest which we would hardly expect from a man who has at various times been reported to be on the point of forsaking his livelihood for literature.

There is no doubt as to his talent for the latter. But the rewards offered literary talent for forswearing its true vocation and concocting drugged confections are so great as to warrant the fear that soon only the utterly untalented may hope to pass through the needle's eye into the literary kingdom. Certainly many of our most conscientious adventurers into truth and personality could learn much from Mr. Merwin's painstaking projection of a perfectly futile tale about quite obviously unreal personages. It is idle to waste lamentations over the misdirection of talent, but if the skill he has put into lending verisimilitude to a distorted, impossible tale had been applied to discovering for us man as he is, it might have produced something of value. And had Mannix painted a self-portrait in memoirs of his own, we should certainly have had an interesting autobiography.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

For a Franco-German Alliance

Deutschland, Frankreich, England. Von Maximilian Harden. Berlin: Erich Reiss Verlag.

THE last pages of Maximilian Harden's new book were written after the formation of the Stresemann cabinet. His message has not varied since 1915. Just why it changed so abruptly that year we are not able to explain. There may be warrant for certain uncharitable explanations which have now and then been current. Maximilian Harden never was a saint, and he always had an uncommonly shrewd eye for the main chance. It is this very shrewdness of his that inclines us to give him an attentive hearing. The fact that he discovered by the time the Great War was a year old that Germany could not possibly win lends a certain weight to his reiterated assurances that Germany cannot possibly carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. His monotonous abuse of every German leader of modern times—except Bismarck and Freiherr von Stein—is not refreshing reading, and no doubt is prompted in many instances by personal grudge; but it is reassuring to note, when he leaves German soil, how he instantly ceases foaming at the mouth and grows decent and convincing. He does not love Great Britain, because Great Britain seems to him to have sought to rule the continent of Europe like a British colony;

but any broad-minded British statesman might read the constructive part of his new book without rancor and with profit. As for the rest of Europe, he is as nearly objective as a European Jew could well be; and there seems no adequate reason for smelling a trick in his constantly repeated friendly advances to France.

It is perfectly true that France, Belgium, and Germany form a geographical and industrial unit, and that their separation and mutual hatred and suspicion have always been an obstacle to the progress and prosperity of them all. It is clear that on the success of some sort of concert in Western Europe depends the immediate fate of the whole European continent. And it is unquestionable that the Ruhr occupation has stirred up bad blood which will delay such concert. Almost steadily since Bismarck pointed the young master of invective to certain weak places in the Hohenzollern armor Harden has played the role of bitter opposition which he is still maintaining against Ebert, Cuno, Stresemann, and the rest; but if he can couple the part with one of international peace-making, may we not forget his bellicose rhetoric of the insane late months of 1914?

It is a loss to letters that Harden has been forced to abandon his trenchant weekly, *Die Zukunft*. He is one of the most stimulating writers of twentieth-century Germany. Only the most versatile linguist and philologist, however, who was also a versatile student of world affairs, could read with full appreciation this polyglot and many-sided latest volume of his. It would be hard to love Harden; but look you, Master Dick Steele, even to understand what he is talking about most of the time would be a liberal education.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Laureate of Critics

Dramatis Personae. By Arthur Symons. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS is the most important minor poet now writing literary criticism. Poetically a contemporary of Oscar Wilde, Dowson, and all the crew of little gardeners of the nineties who cultivated green carnations, he was a typical figure in the English end-of-the-century revolt against the nonconformist conscience and its efforts toward regimentation in aesthetic matters.

So Mr. Symons became a winsome minstrel, singing of artificial shreds, tattered passions, and the patches of music-hall romance. He wandered much in foreign fields, and found a nesting-place among the French symbolists.

"There is no necessary difference in artistic value," he wrote, "between a good poem about a flower in the hedge and a good poem about the scent in a sachet." And art: "Art begins when a man wishes to immortalize the most vivid moment he has ever lived." To that end Mr. Symons still, in "Dramatis Personae," is "avid of impressions and sensations." There it is—a diluted and sensuous Paterism! epitomizing the curiosity, the preciousness, the perversity of the naughty decadents.

This new volume of criticism is produced by a man fifty-eight years old. Advancing years and a democratic literature have cooled his ardor. Mr. Symons is forgetting that he once sang of "the chance romances of the streets," and the random Juliets who shared with him, poetically, "the ecstasy of love's unrest." As the memory of these tinsel passions lapses, his criticism experiences a corresponding improvement.

"Criticism," as Symons now practices it, "when it is not mere talk about literature, concerns itself with the first principles of human nature and with fundamental ideas." So he sets himself this task, "that he should find out for us more than we can find out for ourselves: trace what in us is a whim or leaning to its remote home or center of gravity, and explain why we are affected in this way or that way by this or that writer."

Obviously, Mr. Symons is an interpreter and impressionist,

and his subject matter is limited, conversely to that of many of our distinguished American commentators, by what he finds congenial to himself. Like Huneker, he has played at steeple-jacking among the seven arts. Like George Moore, he has aspired to take his color from "all that is delicately depraved, all that is beautifully, curiously poisonous, in modern art."

Hence the astonishing diversification of "Dramatis Personae," which ranges thus in its contents: The Decadent Movement in Literature, Edgar Saltus, On Hamlet and Hamlets, Conrad, On English and French Fiction, The Rossettis, Emil Verhaeren, Leonardo da Vinci, Impressionistic Writing; and touches in addition upon the English romantic poets, upon critical theory, and the memories and recollections, artistic, Parisian, and literary, which the author retains of the more spacious days of his youth.

Mr. Symons's style is subtle and undulating. He burdens it with elaborate involutions of thought and "multiplied distinctions." Yet it remains picturesque and colorful by virtue of his device of concreteness and his special faculty for figured language.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Two Wits

Yet Again. By Max Beerbohm. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.
Antic Hay. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

MMR. ALDOUS HUXLEY is in his own way as dandiical as Mr. Max Beerbohm and each can be what used to be called in the latter's early days "too inexpressibly utter," but nearly a whole generation and all the works of Freud lie between them, so that they belong to different ages. If the one is classic, the other belongs quite definitely to our age of confusion.

When Max, faultlessly attired in body and mind, stepped upon the stage of the nineties he made all other exquisites feel gauche and thus he ended an epoch. Outdoing all others in gentlemanly uselessness, he finished off aestheticism with a chuckle, for though the philistine roar of Gilbert might be dismissed, Beerbohm's was the gentle, destructive laughter which comes from within, and it could not be denied. He showed how one could attain the perfection of literary *savoir faire*, the acme of aristocratic nonchalance, and the final skill in treating trivial things seriously without being a fool, and from that moment aestheticism as a serious doctrine was dead. The way was open for Shaw and Wells, but dandyism relapsed into its place as a minor art.

Then, as the age which called him forth receded into the background, Max himself persisted and became not merely one of the whole nursery of *enfants terribles* which enlivened the nineties, but a national institution. At the same time a slight change came over his work. The modish outrageousness of "Works" and "More" gave place to the quieter tone of "Yet Again," which followed them, but which is now published in America for the first time, and losing the attributes which marked him as definitely *fin de siècle*, he became for all time. In a way he became tamer, but he always retained a certain daringness of fancy which set him apart from the ordinary run of familiar essayists whom in many respects he resembled. Definitely he is outmoded, but to be outmoded, as he said in his famous phrase, is to be a classic if one has written well. Whenever the curtains part and he steps forth, modestly but confidently, his admirers give voice to the key-word "incomparable"—and they are right.

Now the first principle of dandyism is the limitation of interests, for nothing beyond the circle of gentlemanly interests may be said in the dandiical sense to "exist." Max would have been as ashamed to be seen reading a book of science or of sociology as to be caught with a chromo on the walls of his study, but times change, and while blue china has gone out the laboratory and the psychopathic ward have come in. The contemporary exquisite is likely to have by his bedside not "Manon Lescaut" or Petronius, but the "Psychopathia Sexualis" and to pride

himself not on apt quotation from Horace but upon the quick detection of a compensating mechanism or a trace of the Oedipus complex. In a word the dandyism of science has come and of this new dandyism Huxley is the most striking exponent, for in a whole series of works he has given it exquisitely witty expression. The citation of the classics as a justification of improprieties is a *vieux jeu*, but a biological textbook can be as perverse as Petronius. For Max the comforting assurance that Ovid praised *rouge*, for the new dandies the pleasant sense of irresponsibility which comes from the reflection, for example, that incest is only laudable filial affection prolonged beyond its natural time. The limits of bourgeois respectability may be transcended either by way of culture or of science, and a wit belongs to the nineteenth century or the present according as he choose one route or the other.

Max's sense of humor (a very different thing from his wit) and the fund of sober practicality which his manner only conceals saved him from taking aestheticism too seriously, but from the beginning Huxley was not quite sure whether the blows given by science and psychology to man's sense of his own dignity were a huge joke or a serious business. The very persistence with which his wit played upon the identity of love and lust proved that the idea wounded his sensibility, and the spectacle of science replacing the spiritual nature of man with hormones and other secretions had for him a horrible fascination. Apostrophizing in a clever poem the sperm cell which became himself, celebrating the simian limitations of man, and addressing God, who must be in his heaven because he is surely not visible on earth, he sang

While happier mortals take to drink,
A dolorous dipsomaniac
Fuddled with grief I sit and think
Looking upon the bile when it is black

without quite knowing whether he was in earnest or not. But in "Antic Hay," quite the most bitter book which he has written, he begins definitely to take his disillusion seriously. It commences as frank burlesque and remains to the end a chaotic vaudeville with many characters and little plot, but though it is full of wit many of its scenes are as intentionally repulsive as Baudelaire or Huysmans. The dandyism of science like the dandyism of the nineties may lead, if one likes, to genuine disillusion, and this book raises the question whether or not the author is not leading himself toward a serious pessimism, for the adventures of the hero among the debauches of London are not always funny and his expression of a world philosophy based upon the moral iconoclasm of biology and psychology is not always a joke. The answer to the question lies with the future, but meanwhile "Antic Hay" remains an arresting production, vastly amusing and not a little terrible by turns.

J. W. KRUTCH

Books in Brief

The Best British Short Stories of 1923. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Small, Maynard and Company. \$2.

31 Stories. Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson Scott. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Despite the high degree of technical excellence to which American writers have brought the short story, they still lag behind their British competitors in the finer nuances of characterization and motivation. No matter how slight the plot, the Englishmen who have focused their talents upon this form of writing seem to have an artistic grasp of these elements of form which lends an undeniable beauty to their work. Examples drawn from the work of Stacy Aumonier, Katherine Mansfield, A. E. Coppard, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and Ethel Colburn Mayne are noteworthy in this respect. There are, in addition, excellent contributions from such outstanding figures as Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and Maugham. Mary Webb's "Blessed

are the Meek" appears in both volumes. "31 Stories" covers a span of more than two decades, while the other book brings together the finest product of the last year. Both are rich in material and highly representative.

Masquerade. By Ben Ray Redman. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.50.

Rather laborious exercises in irony by a young writer who so far is a better critic than poet. The most successful pieces here are sonnets analyzing with commendable clarity and finality the inner constitutions of various types of pretender in contemporary intellectual society. But clarity alone does not make poetry, and finality is essentially a virtue of prose. Mr. Redman's perceptions at the present stage are more interesting than his art.

Parsons' Pleasure. By Christopher Morley. George H. Doran Company. \$1.75.

Clever rhymes by a genial man who is very fond of life, especially in New York, and particularly on Vesey Street, across from St. Paul's churchyard. Cider, books, tobacco, dogs, Shakespeare, R. L. S., and the Woolworth Building come in for blithe and witty treatment, and sometimes for soberer praise. Mr. Morley is an exceedingly able poet of the lighter sort, but incidentally he should not write so many poems about poetry—about the functions of song, the pains and the pleasures of rhyming, the place of his art in modern life, and so on. That is the certain mark of a minor poet, and Mr. Morley might be more than that.

The Human Side of Fabre. By Percy F. Bicknell. The Century Company. \$2.50.

When Maeterlinck called Henri Fabre "the insect's Homer" he revealed more of his own character than of his subject's. "The insect's Ibsen" would be more appropriate, but nature writers seem to be the chosen victims of sentimentalists and the present book carries on the tradition of prettifying Fabre. It is chiefly a collection of anecdotes clipped from Fabre's own works and is therefore inevitably interesting, but one will look in vain either for any real analysis of the great naturalist's character or for any critique of his scientific work.

Gilbert K. Chesterton. By Patrick Braybrooke. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

Patrick Braybrooke's presentation of Chesterton is superficial, but it will never be popular. He remarks upon his qualifications for the task in a Note; "not only is he a kinsman of Mr. Chesterton, but also has spent much time in his company." Pleasant as these circumstances may have been for Mr. Braybrooke, they have been detrimental to him in his function as critic and expositor. The volume breathes a very fine enthusiasm for the poet-journalist-essayist-medievalist; but when Mr. Braybrooke writes: "Chesterton pays enormous attention to the Middle Ages," or when he begins a chapter: "If there is fault to be found in Chesterton's masterly study of Charles Dickens—" he opens to vigorous challenge both his style and perspicacity.

The Best of Hazlitt. Compiled by P. P. Howe. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

Mr. P. P. Howe, biographer and interpreter of William Hazlitt to our generation, follows established procedure in finding the best of Hazlitt in his miscellaneous work, rather than in the historically significant essays on Elizabethan drama, which bid fair to remain permanently in a state of celebrated obscurity. The present volume includes, of course, such old friends as *My First Acquaintance with Poets*, *Characteristics*, and *On the Pleasure of Painting*, with a few pieces of lesser renown which Mr. Howe thinks deserve more general recognition. The volume is to be recommended freely to the reader who wants some Hazlitt—but not too much.

Professor Cizek's Children

THE works of Professor Cizek's child pupils which are now being shown at the Brooklyn Museum have sailed into America under the title of the Viennese Children's Art Exhibition. There is perhaps no other title suitable, and yet what a misnomer this is! Anyone who goes to these children with his senses awake and his mind and heart open knows that he has not just gone to one of a hundred exhibitions of art; he has entered a new world. He has come into a place where the invisible, inarticulate fancies and beliefs of children have, as if by magic, become visible and articulate.

Professor Cizek's idea needs little explanation. The works of his children speak for themselves—speak more musically, more convincingly, and more clearly than anyone can speak for them, not excluding the professor himself.

There are two sorts of teachers—the one cramps the powers that are in children, the other releases them: he strikes the rock and there flow from it living waters. Cizek is the second sort, though all he claims for himself is the modest role of gardener. He cherishes the plants that are given into his charge—waters and tends them. They grow "from their own roots," as he puts it, and he is surrounded with a garden full of real, not artificial flowers. He gives his pupils no technical instruction of any kind, and allows them no copies or models. He gives them only all the materials they need and tells them to make things, not out of their heads, as our expression is, but out of their hearts. Twice a week, on Saturdays and Sundays, in their own and the professor's free time, his children flock to him, gather round him as round a modern Pied Piper. He pipes to them and they sing—the songs that are now on the walls of the Brooklyn Museum. The curious thing is that they scarcely know that he is piping—they feel that they do everything themselves. Their professor makes them think so—he makes them believe in themselves. He sees something in their childish scribblings—daubs that the ordinary grown-up would tell them to rub out and make more prettily and carefully. "What," he cries indignantly to an art-master scornful of Gertrud Brausewetter's first effort, a procession of rigid figures, moving on things like table-legs, "you see nothing in this picture? But look at the strength of these figures. They are as monumental as the Sphinx, as powerful as the bas-reliefs of ancient Egypt. How characterized they are and what rhythm there is in spite of their stiffness!"

"No one but a little child could have done it," is the professor's most enthusiastic praise. This he can only say of the real primitives—of things like Karl Streim's Red Castle, Fritzi Pracht's Tea Party, Irene Mallina's prehistoric Child and her House (all now on exhibition). His children as they grow into their teens often become self-conscious, sophisticated, influenced by other people's ideas and art movements. The professor's passionate endeavor is to keep them themselves to the end—to build upon their heritage and save their originality. With some he succeeds—with a healthy, strong, open-air nature like Maeda Primavesi's, for instance. Her Peasants' Wedding, done at fifteen, is as spontaneous, as primitive, as uninfluenced as the work of the children of eight and nine. Helena Klaunzner is another who is always true to her heritage. She comes from the Tyrol, and she brings the strength of her mountain ancestry into all her paintings, woodcuts, and potties and is as courageous and original at fourteen as she was at eight. Visitors to the exhibition will find many others like these and will be able to compare their work with that of the girls and boys in the transition stage between childhood and maturity, a stage when so many inevitably lose their creative force. They do beautiful things in this stage, and something of the light of childhood still plays over them "but a grown-up," as the professor sadly observes, "might have done almost as well."

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Drama

The Great Legend

FROM prophecy Bernard Shaw has turned to history, and from speculation to fact. His history and his facts, as anyone can see, are an extraordinary blending of actuality and interpretation, of historic detail and of historic detail turned inside out. No human inquisitors can ever have functioned as magnificently and as wholly in conformity with their strange and terrible part in the drama of mankind as this inquisitor of Shaw's who conducts the trial of Joan of Arc. But this inquisitor who is so profoundly a man yet so greatly symbol and vision, at once himself and his moment in the history of thought, slave and conqueror of eternity—this inquisitor is, perhaps, as good a key as any other with which to unlock the secret of this apologue which Bernard Shaw has chosen to call a "chronicle play" and which, like most first-rate apologetics, may be attended to by children and childlike men for the story and its stir and interest and pathos alone.

What Shaw has actually done is to give another embodiment to the great and central legend by which mankind lives. The legend is told in the Gospels; the legend is told in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People"; it is told in certain chapters of "Also sprach Zarathustra." The change from epoch to epoch and from ethos to ethos, the change which we must in a quite

humble and yet far from simple sense regard as somehow a change for the better or, at least, higher, is brought about through the instrumentality of personalities who see through sham and cant and all spiritual unreality, who, loyal under some divine or cosmic compulsion to their vision alone, defy the powers and principalities of earth and go undeviatingly upon their appointed path to the stake or the cross. They may be called saviors; they may be called saints. It is the note of their sainthood to be revolutionaries, to have a new vision and to die for it.

One would have said, had the question been brought up, that Joan of Arc was not the most appropriate of historic figures through whom to retell the great legend once more. Shaw's actual play convinces one of the contrary. He represents Joan as, in effect, a leader of the people against the power of the feudal lords, therefore as an enemy of the fictitious Western empire of church and state, therefore as a forerunner of nationalism and Protestantism. In this interpretation he goes so amusingly far as to have Joan actually remark upon that change in military technique which, by rendering armor and fortifications useless, did as a matter of fact overthrow the barons and enthrone the military state. Joan, like the inquisitor, knows too much. But it is precisely this too much of knowledge which, brought home to the imagination and the heart with touches not far short of sublimity, differentiates Shaw's "Saint Joan" at once and permanently from all the other plays and books on this mere subject and makes it so secure a spiritual possession. The

historian may and doubtless will quarrel with the play; the thinker will not. And in literature that is the judgment which counts.

I am not trying to represent "Saint Joan" as a perfect work. Perfection is not a note of our literature. And the more one studies the perfection of the Latins the less one is inclined to quarrel with this. It may be, as has been remarked, that the blue pencil is needed. But when it comes to an obviously first-rate work by a first-rate thinker and artist, I am always a little staggered by the ease with which such advice is offered. A little critical humility is not out of place here. I am not even displeased by the character of the chaplain de Stogumber. For though he is the mark of all of Shaw's habitual gibes against the English, he finally flames into a vision and breaks into a repentance which are no less than his hypocrisy and his stubbornness among the qualities of his race. Nor am I, for one, disposed to quarrel with the Epilogue which emphasizes for the unthinking that intellectual groundwork of the action and the characters without which the play would be merely a "chronicle play," without which the tense and exalting trial scene would shrink into the dust of mere history instead of rising into the eternal trial and condemnation of the eternal free and revolu-

tionary spirit before the judgment bar of false order, of mere righteousness, of naked power.

If I say of the production by the Theater Guild that it is worthy of the play, that it leaves the play undiminished in eloquence, significance, beauty, I have said all that is needed. Miss Winifred Lenihan's Joan is adequate. And to be adequate here is to wrestle with greatness undefeated. That is much. She is both saint and woman, both blade and flame; she has both freshness and exaltation, lift and warmth. It should in fairness be remembered that her task is an impossible one from its very nature, since life does not offer the experience of being woman and symbol, peasant and saint, vision and seer. Performances of great brilliance and persuasiveness were given by Joseph Macaulay as the inquisitor, a creature all brain and steel and velvet, by Ian Maclaren as the Bishop of Beauvais, by Philip Leigh as the extraordinarily humanized Dauphin, by Albert Bruning, Maurice Colbourne, A. H. Van Buren, and by Henry Travers as de Stogumber. I must finally stress the admirable directing of Mr. Philip Moeller, which combined at every moment the union of imaginative insight with intellectual clarity which this play, above most others, required for its right interpretation.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Fascism in Finland

By JOHN H. WUORINEN

DURING the past three months certain events have taken place in Finland which show the trend of radicalism in that country. On August 3, 1923, a number of Communists were suddenly arrested in Helsingfors, and simultaneously other arrests were made throughout the country. The police commenced their work early in the morning. By evening the entire Communist group in the Diet, consisting of twenty-seven members, had been arrested; the executive council of the party and the editorial staffs of all the Communist publications had met with a similar fate—the papers were suppressed, their printing establishments were closed, and the archives of the party were seized. The arrests continued during the days following, and by the middle of August nearly 180 persons had been seized, of whom 115 were released after a few days' detention, while the remainder were sent to jail to await trial. The persons released were not thereby freed from further surveillance. They were subject to detention and further examination at the Government's pleasure.

On August 5 the Government issued an official communiqué in justification of its action. In order to understand this proclamation a few words must be said about the general situation in the country following the civil war of 1918. The recovery of the radical parties after that struggle was remarkably rapid. Having been completely defeated on the field of battle, radicalism was decidedly discredited, but the liquidation of the post-war problems resulted in conditions which stimulated radicalism to get on its feet again. While communism was definitely taboo, the treatment accorded such groups as the Finnish Social Democratic Party was rather liberal in that they escaped persecution and their property—considerable amounts of real estate, printing establishments, archives, etc.—was returned to them.

However, this liberal treatment in its consequences did not turn out to be an unmixed blessing. Many former Communists or holders of extremist views sought refuge in the ranks of the party, and consequently definite differences of opinion soon developed within the party over the means to be employed to achieve the party program. This internal split became alarmingly evident when the party assembled for its annual convention in 1919. The former united front was gone. The party was divided into three groups, the extremists—avowed Communists and supporters of direct action—on the one hand and the faction of the right on the other, the latter subscribing to a belief in parliamentary methods and denouncing the extremist tendencies of the left. The remainder of the party consisted of centrists. Their sympathies apparently were with the left, but feeling that the time was not ripe for the application of the direct-action principles they threw their lot in with the right wing, whose less radical notions thus emerged victorious from the struggle. However, the apparent party unity thus gained was soon disrupted by subsequent events.

The communiqué of August 5, 1923, completes the brief review of the development of radicalism that has been given. In substance the story is as follows. In May, 1920, some extremist members of the Finnish Social Democratic Party assembled in Helsingfors and founded the Finnish Socialist Party. The newly formed organization owed its existence to the discontent of its founders with the activities and program of the party they had left. The program of the new party was of a kind which, if carried out, would have resulted in the overthrow of the existing government and institutions in Finland. The party also decided to ally itself with the Third International. A few weeks later the persons responsible for the new

organization were arrested, and on April 20, 1921, the supreme court rendered a decision stating in substance that the founding of the party constituted a preliminary step toward treason. The leading executives and a number of other supporters of the party were sentenced to varying terms of hard labor.

The dissolution of this group did not prevent the reappearance of the Finnish Socialist Party in a new guise. As early as June, 1920, a number of its former supporters met in Helsingfors and reorganized one of the existing radical parties under the name of the Party of the Finnish Socialist Workers. The program put forth was identical with that which had been condemned by official action a few weeks earlier. Recent investigations have disclosed that this party is only a Finnish branch of the Russian Communist Party and is indirectly controlled and financed by it. Referring to the Communist members of the Diet who had been arrested, the recent government communiqué affirms their guilt on the ground that "these men . . . in . . . a meeting held on September 1, 1922, . . . adopted 'rules' according to which they pledged themselves to support (in the Diet) actively only the decisions and measures of the executive council of the party."

These activities of the Finnish police—supported by the Department of Justice—have precipitated a problem in connection with the Diet; the composition of that body has been radically changed by the arrest of twenty-seven of its 200 members. It might be mentioned in passing that the party which had thus been deprived of its representation had (on May 1, 1923) an official membership slightly in excess of 23,000, but in the last elections more than 127,000 votes were cast for its candidates. Thus the Communist group in the Diet represented a fairly substantial part of the electorate. The fall session of the Diet commenced on October 17. As the date approached, agitation was rife among the radical groups for new elections in order to enable the electorate to pass judgment on the situation which had been created by the arrest of the members. These demands were persistently denied on the ground that there was no need for new elections, that the "rump" Diet would be entirely competent to attend to matters that might come before it, and that the assertions that the constitutional rights of the arrested members of the Diet had been grossly violated were without foundation.

The Diet assembled on October 17. Demands for its dissolution having been futile, the opponents of the rump Diet contended that the labors of the Diet be limited to passing last year's budget, so as to enable the Government to continue to function. This done, they insisted that the Diet should adjourn and new elections should be held. However, the radical bloc in the Diet had been seriously depleted by the absence of the Communist members and consequently these efforts came to naught. Therefore, the Socialist group and other members who were out of sympathy with the Government resorted to obstructionist methods, abstaining from participation in the work of the Diet and thus causing considerable annoyance to those who were anxious to expedite business. Further, they repeatedly pointed out that the absence of the Communist group rendered the Diet unfit to perform its functions. It is an interesting fact that this point was used as an argument by the conservatives as well as by the radicals. When a bill pertaining to collective bargaining was being considered, its conservative opponents called attention to the incompetency of the present Diet to deal with the proposed enactments; it was pointed out that the Diet had lost a number of its members representing about one-third of the working classes and consequently its present sittings were violations of the democratic principles upon which parliamentary government is based!

The reaction of the press to the situation has in the main been determined by party creed and political allegiance. With one or two minor exceptions the action of the Government was

welcomed with expressions of relief and satisfaction not only by the conservative but also by the progressive press. The liberal papers at first limited themselves to timid comments on the general situation or refrained from making any statements whatever, but during the past couple of months they have begun to assert themselves in a way which leaves no doubt as to their stand in the matter. The extremist Socialists have branded the whole affair as an expression of northern Fascism which puts to shame Mussolini's achievements, while the extreme conservatives consider the step as an act of liberation second in importance only to the victory of 1918. The few exponents of a calmer, more objective point of view deplore the persecution and arrest of the Communists as being hasty and precipitate.

In the meantime preparations were made for the trial of those suspects who had been detained in prisons after the preliminary examinations. By the middle of October the sifting of evidence had proceeded sufficiently far to enable the prosecuting authorities to decide upon November 8 as the date of opening of the trial. The cases were grouped together and no opportunity was given to present each case on its individual merits. At the time when the date of the trial was made public the prosecuting attorney was quoted as stating that complaints would probably not be made against all of those awaiting trial; that thus far only about thirty complaints had been made by him.

The trial is on at the time of writing. It is likely that it will be a prolonged one (the court, located in Abo, is to meet on four days only in each week, the sittings to continue until the cases are disposed of). The case of the Government will rest entirely upon the quality rather than the quantity of incriminating evidence in its possession. That the evidence is not of the most satisfactory kind is indicated by the fact that a great number of those originally apprehended have been released after preliminary investigation.

The Germ of a Baltic Alliance

SOME form of alliance is obviously inevitable for the little nations which have sprung up in what were formerly the Baltic provinces of Russia. Various Polish statesmen have sought to bring Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia into an alliance, and for a time it seemed possible to include Finland in the group. The Swedish minority there, however, successfully opposed this project. Lithuanian resentment of Poland's cavalier attitude in the Vilna dispute naturally prevented a Polish-Lithuanian rapprochement. For a time, at the Genoa Conference of 1922, Poland, Estonia, Latvia, and Soviet Russia worked together by common agreement. Discords, however, soon arose, and the most promising step yet taken toward federation was the series of accords signed at Reval, Estonia, on October 31. These accords, limited at first to Estonia and Latvia, may be more fertile than previous attempts at federation on a larger scale. We take the following summary of them from the *Gazette de Prague* (Czecho-Slovakia) for December 1:

The conference between Estonia and Latvia was opened in Reval on October 25, 1923. The agenda included the solution of the boundary question, the question of mutual debts, the discussion of a commercial treaty, and sundry questions of a general nature.

The work of the conference was conducted by the following commissions:

1. Commission of boundaries.
2. Commission of debts.
3. Commission for the conclusion of a commercial treaty.

Regarding the settlement of the frontiers it was agreed that both parties accept the so-called Talant frontier. The difficult point was the forests. It was agreed that the frontier line would under all circumstances be decided by the nationality of the owner of such and such a part of the forest. Latvia thus gave to Estonia about 5,575 acres and received in return about 25,600. Thus Latvia received more territory than she gave. As compensation she accorded concessions in the region of Lauta, which she owned. On the other hand Latvia claimed the isle of Runo, also claimed by Estonia. The question was settled by a compromise. Latvia received certain concessions; she has the right to erect a radio-telegraphic station and to build a light house there.

The commission of debts adopted a declaration by which Latvia recognized the moral and material help which Estonia had given her. As this assistance cannot be estimated in money, Latvia agrees to contribute 30 million Estonian marks to the fund for the relief of wounded Estonians and of the families of the soldiers killed in the struggle for the freedom of Latvia.

Estonia will have the right to take part in the settlement of the partition of the old province of Livonia, both as concerns private and corporate persons. This settlement applies to the good of the Lutheran and orthodox churches which were formerly administered from Riga.

The commission to draw up a treaty of commerce drew two drafts. One is a provisional treaty for a customs union; the other is an agreement to unify the harbor taxes of the two countries. The first of these is the most important. It shows how the two countries intend to establish their commercial relations. Here, probably, are the greatest obstacles, because unification of the customs would interfere to a certain extent with the rights of the parliaments of the two countries. The proposed measure would mark a remarkable progress in the rapprochement of the two nations.

The most important achievement of the Reval conference was undoubtedly the conclusion of a political treaty by which the two contracting parties agree to assist each other in case they are attacked without provocation by a foreign state. Altogether six conventions were signed and four notes exchanged. The text of these conventions was signed at Reval on October 31, 1923.

The defensive alliance between Latvia and Estonia was established on the following basis: (1) The two contracting states agree to practice a pacifist policy and to facilitate commercial relations, especially with the neighboring states; (2) Latvia and Estonia will adjust their policies and give each other mutual assistance in diplomatic and political matters; (3) they will give each other mutual assistance in case of unprovoked attack; (4) the form of military assistance will be fixed in a special convention; (5) in case of war Latvia and Estonia will not undertake separate peace negotiations, nor will they sign separate peace treaties; (6) Latvia and Estonia will exchange the texts of all treaties which they have signed and neither will enter new alliances with other countries without the agreement of the other contracting party; (7) the convention is valid for ten years; (8) the convention will be registered with the League of Nations; (9) the treaty will be ratified by the parliaments and the exchange of the ratification documents will take place at Riga.

The Latvian press has received this convention rather coldly. It maintains that Latvia has consented to great sacrifices in order to create a federation of Baltic countries. It seems probable that the Latvian Government will have difficulty in persuading Parliament to accept this convention, despite the advantages of concluding such a treaty which will mean doubling, even tripling, the political, economic, and military power not only of Estonia but also of Latvia.

If the treaty is ratified, it will represent a solid basis for a federation of the Baltic countries. It is certain that Lithuania would join such an alliance. The pending conflict with Poland continues, however, to be an obstacle to this federation.

Mothers and Babies in Russia

THE following discussion of welfare measures undertaken in behalf of mothers and babies in Soviet Russia is translated from the *Moscow Pravda*:

Before the October revolution the number of bureaus for the welfare of mother and child in Russia were so few that they could not be taken into account so far as a planned-out system was concerned. The Czar's government was not interested, and did not consider it necessary to conduct such work on a national scale. . . .

The situation greatly changed after the October revolution.

The Soviet Government recognized motherhood as a social function. . . . The work of taking care of mothers and infants has been carried on during the past six years. Important legislative work, the organization of special establishments, sanitary-educational work, and the work of broadcasting instructions on all questions of the welfare of mother and infant has been carried out.

The following laws regarding the welfare of the mother and child are in force, at present:

1. The woman is not allowed to do night-work, to work under unhealthy industrial conditions, or to do work involving the lifting of heavy weights.

2. Women workers receive two months' leave before confinement and two months after. They receive their regular salary during this time, and their positions are held for them.

3. The insurance bureau (in Soviet Russia social insurance of the entire working population is obligatory) issues relief to the mother amounting to her monthly salary.

4. During the nursing period (nine months) the mother gets special relief from the insurance bureau amounting to one-quarter of her monthly salary. . . .

People in Western Europe who are working on the mother-and-child-welfare problem have long advocated the necessity of such laws, but in many countries of Western Europe such measures do not exist at all or exist with many limitations.

We in Soviet Russia are fully aware of the fact that these decrees cost the Government a great deal, but the decrease of child mortality and the consequent increase of a healthy population make these expenditures necessary and obligatory upon the republic.

Our Government has also passed a decree which declares that abortions are no longer subject to punishment. Punishment does not prevent the woman from undergoing them, but forces hundreds of women to apply to ignorant midwives and other persons for help. As a result they become ill and often remain injured for the rest of their lives. As a matter of fact, 30 per cent of our patients in the gynecological hospitals were women whose illness was due to improperly performed abortions. Because of this condition the decree declaring abortions unpunishable was passed; doctors perform them in hospitals, and the number of after-abortion sicknesses have greatly decreased; moreover, it has become possible to obtain information as to the number of abortions made and to start a campaign against the practice.

In order to improve the sanitary conditions of the population we are at present working out two more decrees: first, people who get married must present medical certificates, and, second, infecting another with syphilis is subject to punishment.

We also wish to point out that according to our marriage laws there are no "illegitimate" children in Soviet Russia and that our entire legislation is so directed as to provide for the welfare of the child. To protect the interests of the child (in case the father refuses to support it) the mother, whether the marriage was registered or not, can force the father, through the courts, to recognize the rights of the child.

The following establishments are organized in Russia for the welfare of mother and child:

1. Bureaus of consultation for pregnant women, the aim of which is to teach the woman to take proper care of herself during pregnancy. Here the doctor watches the health of the pregnant woman, sends her to a dispensary in case of sickness, sees that she is placed in a lying-in-home, and also acquaints the population with sex hygiene.

2. For working women, employees, and also for those out of work there are organized homes for the mother and child. Here the woman spends the four months of leave to which she is entitled according to the law (two months before confinement and two months after) in sanitary surroundings under a doctor's care. Here she obtains complete rest before confinement, and after confinement is taught how best to take care of her baby.

3. The woman is given excellent care during confinement, but the number of beds and professional help are insufficient, especially in the villages.

4. The consulting stations, where the mothers get professional advice on nursing and care of their babies, are also the stations from which the infants' health is taken care of. . . . From these stations working nurses visit the babies at home, thus uniting still closer the public-health workers with the worker's family.

5. The day nurseries are institutions for the care of workers' children during the hours when the mother is employed. They enable the woman to take her place in the business world without injury to her child. The nurseries are also one of the powerful means of struggle against children's mortality in those families where the mother works, for in these institutions the children get proper food and care.

There are nurseries where the children of the workers of that particular factory play and are fed, then the district nurseries for the children of that particular district, and summer nurseries which are organized in the villages during the period of field work when the mothers must be in the field.

6. Infants' asylums where only orphans and foundlings are taken care of. As far as possible we try to supply these children with mothers' milk.

All these organizations for the welfare of mothers and infants give their services free of charge; that is, without cost to the mother who receives the service.

The extremely difficult economic situation in Soviet Russia does not allow us to develop the work as widely as we would desire; but, though slowly, we proceed. Below are quoted the figures showing our attainments in this field. Before the October revolution there were altogether thirty-four organizations for mother and child welfare. Now we have 1,600 organizations for the welfare of mothers and infants, 658 nurseries, 440 homes for mother and child, 171 consulting stations for infants, and 40 consulting stations for pregnant women.

We consider sanitary-educational work in the matter of mother-and-child welfare of the utmost importance. Besides lectures and talks on this theme held in the consulting stations and at meetings, small special exhibitions on the subject are sent out to the different cities, and in Moscow there is a large central exhibition museum to propagate the necessity of proper care for mother and child. Well-known professors, doctors, and artists took part in the organization of this unique exhibition. Special magazines, books, and pamphlets are printed on the subject and distributed by the hundreds of thousands.

Great attention is paid to the matter of developing an experienced personnel for these institutions. In eight cities special courses have been organized where nurses are taught the care of infants. This preparatory course is finished in two and a half years. In Moscow, at the Central Scientific Institute for the welfare of mother and child, central courses for 200 people and also courses for midwives have been organized. Besides, 100 doctors specialize there every year in the work of attending to mothers and children. The Department of Mother and Child Welfare at the People's Commissariat of Health has charge of this work.

